The Miracle of Answered Prayer

by

Rev. John G. Hallimond, D.D.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
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FOREWORD

The one supreme need of the age is God, union and communion with that great First-Cause Personality and Power that makes for righteousness, progress, peace, and the realization of our highest and purest ideals.

We want God. We must have God. The hard, crass, cramping materialism of human life is choking us. The swelling surge within the breast of the modern man demands an uprise, and an outburst into a larger life.

This yearning of the human heart is universal. Vague and formless it is, of course, in many instances. Just a dim, dumb instinct, like that of a fledglet in the nest, or a child in its crib, longing and craving for its mother, but none the less real, and deep, and pathetic.

I am not writing as a religious man. For the moment, and for argument's sake, I forget I am a Christian minister and worker. It is like begging the question to talk religion. I issue my challenge to strong men in other scenes of human activity. I address myself to statesmen, scientists, educationalists, to professional men, to merchant princes and plutocrats, to the governmental powers of the earth, and I ask, Is there not something wrong with the world? Has it not been wrenched from its orbit of orderly progress; and who can tell whither it is journeying? And do you not

from your very souls cry out for the Strong Hand that shall restore it to its true poise and purpose?

My life and work is, and has been for many years, among poor people, the poorest of the poor, and I know that in these circles the urgent refrain, "I need Thee, oh, I need Thee," is seldom silent. But in other circles it is equally true. From busy bourses, exchanges, or markets, from scenes of pomp and power, from amid the thunders of that cataclysmic war in Europe, from tottering thrones and burning palaces, there comes the equally thrilling cry, "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him."

No lesson flashes forth with clearer import from the world in upheaval to-day than the lesson of the absolute failure of mere material forces to acquire a permanent supremacy in the affairs of men.

In America, where material wealth has been created, enjoyed, and worshiped beyond all dreams or imaginings, we find rich men staggering under a sense of appalling responsibility, and finding their only satisfaction in hurriedly laying miserable doles of penance at the feet of the Great Power, whose laws they dare not entirely ignore. They are realizing the "aching void" which riches, of all things, are the least able to fill. Poor, deluded mortals! St. Augustine called rich men "beasts of burden, carrying treasure all day, and at night of death unladen." Shakespeare was still less complimentary. He called them asses. "If thou art rich, thou art poor; for, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows, thou bearest thy heavy riches but a journey, and death unloads thee."

Yes, in the Bowery, and in Wall Street, in blood-drenched Europe, in wealth-choked America, in caste-

bound India, and in awakening Japan, all the world over, there is felt at the present time an aching, agonizing need.

I am going to tell you how that need may be supplied. J. G. H.

THE MIRACLE OF ANSWERED PRAYER

CHAPTER I

THE LAW OF PRAYER

Prayer is the means by which we approach, appropriate, and assimilate God.

By an act of the will we switch ourselves on to the omnipotence of God, just as a child, by an act of the will, switches the electric bulb on to the power-house several miles away. The only difference is that the supply of power in the power-house can be measured by volts and amperes, and God's power is absolutely immeasurable and illimitable.

Yes, of course, there is mystery in prayer. There is mystery in all spiritual things. There is mystery in things that are not regarded as distinctly spiritual. Life itself is, perhaps, the greatest mystery of all. Linnæus realized this and stood uncovered before a flower, feeling that God was passing by. Tennyson gazed at the little flower growing in the crumbling wall, and said:

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all,
In my hand.—
Little flower—but *if* I could
Understand what you are
Root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

He did not understand it, but that did not deter Tennyson from taking the flower and enjoying its fragrance and its beauty.

Prayer is a mystery. I am not essaying to explain it. Books enough have been written on the philosophy of prayer. My purpose is to establish the FACT that prayer prevails, that it is the channel of a real, tangible, dynamic force, as real as electricity, as vital as life itself; that this force has actually done things, made things, changed things, before our very eyes, and to-day is one of the mightiest influences that is brought to bear on the individual and social life of the human race.

Professor Hugh Black has recently written a wonderful book, entitled *The New World,* in which, after taking a broad and intensive view of the world in which we live, and the forces that are shaping our destinies, he closes with a demand on his readers to make the great adventure of Faith of which he says "the central thing is the experience of throwing oneself on an unseen spiritual order which is taken on trust."

If you are inclined to make the venture, I am going to try and help you by marshaling before you an array of tremendous and overpowering facts that have arisen in the lives of those who have already ventured and "taken on trust" the great unseen power of prayer. I said in the first chapter that I was not writing as a Christian. That had reference merely to the question of the universal need of God.

It is time now for me to state that I am indeed a Christian believer and disciple—and as such I realize the overpowering importance of prayer.

The law of prayer has been stated by Jesus Christ in the simplest language, and in an absolutely final form.

Nothing need be added to His masterly and conclusive declaration. It is the last word. I pin my faith to it. If Jesus Christ lived and spoke as is recorded in the stories of the four evangelists, then prayer is one of God's great invincibly established spiritual laws.

It is not my purpose, however, to attempt any exposition of Christ's teaching on the subject of prayer.

That is unnecessary because, first, as I have said, His own language is so simple and lucid that expanded exposition is unnecessary; and, secondly, this exegetical work has been done so copiously and effectively by pens and tongues infinitely better qualified than mine.

Suffice it then to simply mention a few of the conspicuous characteristics of prevailing prayer as taught by the Great and Authoritative Teacher.

A.—It is associated with the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God. After this manner pray ye: "Our FATHER who art in heaven" (Matt. 6:9).

B.—It is based upon the collateral truth of the solidarity and brotherhood of the race: "OUR Father which art in heaven" (Matt. 6:9).

C.—It is an affair of the spirit. "Vain repetitions," boisterous and bombastic externals, and public display are all sternly deprecated: "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth" (John 4:24).

D.—It is an outcome of an essential union of the human spirit with the spirit of Christ: "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ask whatsoever ye will, and it shall be done unto you" (John 15:7).

E.—It is to be boldly, perseveringly, and importunately exercised: "Because of His importunity He will rise and give" (Luke 11:8).

F.—It is to be invariably associated with a spirit of good-will to our fellow men: "And whensoever

ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have aught against any one, that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses" (Mark 11:25).

G.—It is to be exercised individually, and in secret: "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thine inner chamber, and having shut thy door, pray to thy Father who is in secret" (Matt. 6:6).

H.—It is also to be undertaken in association with others: "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my father who is in heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them" (Matt. 18:19, 20).

I.—It must be exercised in a perfect blending of the human will with the will of God: "My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass away from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt" (Matt. 26:39).

J.—It must be the outcome of an unfaltering and an abounding faith: "And Jesus answering saith unto them, Have faith in God. Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou taken up and cast into the sea, and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that what he saith shall come to pass, he shall have it. Therefore I say unto you, whatsoever ye pray and ask for, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them" (Mark 11:22-24).

K.—It is the power that brings laborers into the service of the Kingdom: "Then saith He unto His disciples, The harvest indeed is plenteous but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He send forth laborers into His harvest" (Matt. 9:37, 38).

L.—It must be definite: "What wilt thou I shall do unto thee" (Luke 18:41).

M.—It must have as its supreme end the glorifying of God the Father: "Whatsoever ye shall ask in

my name that will I do that the Father may be glorified" (John 14:13).

N.—It must be presented "in the name" of Christ; that is clothed with the power and authority which Christ's name symbolized, and His personality embodies: "If ye shall ask anything in my name that will I do" (John 14:14).

O.—It must be of an unselfish and intercessory character. Here the Great Teacher's example, rather than His words, is to be our guide and inspiration. His intercessions were habitual and abundant. He prayed for His disciples, for His enemies, for the sick, for the children, and for the whole community: "Neither for these only do I pray but for them also that believe on Me through their word; that they may be all one, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be in us; that the world may believe that Thou didst send Me" (John 17:20, 21).

P.—It has an absolute assurance that it will be heard and answered: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened" (Matt. 7:7, 8).

You will see that all these quotations are words that fell from the lips of Jesus Christ, the Revealer of the Father, the Final Authority on the Subject of Prayer.

I imagine now some conscientious seeker after truth taking up, one by one, these clearly specified stipulations, so simple as to admit of no possible misunderstanding, and so comprehensive as to cover the whole ground of human need and desire. As he reaches the closing paragraph on the certainty of answered prayer, he feels himself pretty much in the position of a mathematician who has worked his way from one point to

another of some arithmetical problem, and finds, by means of a series of cross proofs and independent verifications, that his conclusion is positively and assuredly correct. "Ask, and it SHALL be given you; seek, and ye SHALL find; knock, and it SHALL be opened unto you." There is no equivocation, no ambiguity, no reservation. It is the chief thing in prayer, and it is this aspect of the subject that this little book has been written to illustrate.

CHAPTER II

THE POWER OF PRAYER

One scarcely knows where to begin. An immense cloud of witnesses is waiting to take the stand to bear witness to the power of prayer. The evidence is as varied as the needs of humanity. It runs like a golden thread through the warp and woof of history. It has no geographical, racial, or time limit. A classification, even, is difficult. Ten thousand Bodleian or Congressional libraries would appear small beside the books that might be written about answered prayer. I can only deal with a few types, and that in the most cursory fashion.

My object is not to present prayer to you as a mere talisman, or magician's wand, a horseshoe hung upon the wall, or an Aladdin's lamp, by which you may make a short cut to the possession of much desired objects. That idea is utterly antithetic to the essential character of prayer as taught by Christ, and prayers of that kind are never answered, and occupy no place in this story.

I have no hope of being able to do anything like justice to the subject. Why, the unknown and unknowable results of prayer are like the submerged part of a gigantic iceberg, unperceivable, and forming by far the greater part of the mass. Away down in the unseen, uncharted depths of subliminal soul-life are these unrecorded answers to prayer, never observed, and, therefore, never listed.

But that is no reason why, for the purpose of awakening human beings to the vast resources of strength, comfort, and guidance, that Omnipotent Power and Infinite Love are constantly placing at their command, through prayer, the attempt should not be made to marshal the evidence even though the effort may be utterly crude and incomplete.

For the purpose of keeping our thoughts in an orderly condition I propose to assemble my proofs under the following heads:

A.—The power of prayer in individual lives.
B.—The power of prayer in the affairs of communities and nations.
C.—The power of prayer in the creation and maintenance of institutions.
D.—The power of prayer in the life and work of the churches.

CHAPTER III

ANSWERED PRAYER

(a) In Individual Lives

Try to imagine an immense fly-wheel at the center of the universe. Make its diameter and speed of revolution the very utmost that your finite mind in its imaginings can grasp. By a vast system of shafting and gearing the power created by the mighty sweep of that great wheel is brought down so that it may be appropriated by the tiniest cog that the deftest fingers can fashion.

That cog represents my infinitesimally small personality, but it is as surely linked to the central wheel as are the larger cogs that typify states and nations.

Christ's word is "Every one that asketh receiveth." That settles it. If my asking is along the lines of the principles and conditions that Christ laid down, my prayers are certain to be heard and answered.

Again, I say the mass of evidence is so great as to defy analysis and classification. Sometimes it is a man praying for his own salvation, guidance, comfort, healing, or for his own immediate personal, domestic, social, or business needs. Sometimes it is others that are praying, singly or in group, for some particular individual. The law holds good, however it is considered. "Every one that asketh receiveth."

I do not apologize for the fact that in writing this book it is my purpose to draw largely upon my own

personal experience, and on happenings that have come within my own observation. On the contrary, I feel it to be my delightful duty to do exactly that very thing. I know the facts to be true, and I know they are up-to-date.

Little, if any, reference will be made to facts of remote history. The classic stories even of Holy Writ will rarely be appealed to. Every-day occurrences in modern life, capable of easy reference and verification, will be brought before you, and will give vividness and reality to truth that Jesus taught, "Every one that asketh receiveth."

I want you to watch carefully, and you will find that in every case cited some specific principle included in Christ's teachings on prayer is illustrated.

Importunity in Prayer

"Men ought always to pray, and not to faint"
"Because of his importunity."

A widowed mother in Edinburgh, Scotland, prayed three long weary years for the recovery of her only son, a wanderer. He was a gifted boy, a graduate of Cambridge, high-spirited, pleasure-loving, affectionate, and genial. After his father's death these elements in his character speedily led him upon dangerous ground, and when "the portion of goods that fell to him" came into his possession it was soon "wasted in riotous living." It was a wild plunge into a sea of corrupt and loathsome dissipation, then a sudden disappearance.

Not a trace of his whereabouts could be found. Day after day, night after night, week after week, the mother's heart was torn by an agony of anxiety and suspense. But she prayed, and kept on praying. In

the "secret place" of her chamber, and in her public devotions at church, she never failed to plead and wrestle in faith with God. "Save my boy, and let me know that he is living!" was her cry.

Why was the answer delayed so long? We cannot tell. That is a question that frequently cannot be answered. The Great Dispenser, however, knew exactly how much the poor heart could bear, and when the time was ripe for the answer to be given.

One Sabbath she went to church with this prayer in her heart and on her lips, as usual. As she prayed the feeling came over her that something unusual was happening. Things were moving. Probably this would be the last prayer she would be called to offer. What did it mean? Was the boy beyond the reach of prayer? Had death stepped in and made further prayer useless? It could not be, or surely God would have told her so. From the very depths of her soul came the passionate cry, "O God, my boy! Save him, and let me know he is saved!"

Making allowance for the difference in time between Edinburgh and New York, it was at a point very near to that at which this prayer was offered that the prayed-for son, walking down the Bowery of New York City, was impelled by some thought, or influence, to enter the Bowery Mission. "Mother" Bird was conducting one of her meetings. Her watchful eye detected the stranger. She spoke to him, and questioned him kindly. It was not long before her motherly heart grasped the situation, and a cable was being flashed through the Atlantic giving the mother the glad news that her boy was alive, and sought her forgiveness. With equal rapidity the answer was flashed back,

"Forgiven, come home!" He went. He is there today, a happy and prosperous man.

Now, from whence came that thought to the boy's mind that affected his will, and made him turn into the Bowery Mission at that particular moment?

"Pure coincidence!" the materialistic unbeliever contemptuously cries. But that is no answer to my question. I am asking about the origin of the thought, that created an impulse leading to an actual, visible act. However you may fail to grasp the reality of unseen things, here is something (the boy's coming into the Mission, and the consequent change in his life) that is seen, traced back to the point where the material nerves, fibers, and convolutions of the brain were impinged upon by something invisible and imponderable. I still ask, where did the thought come from?

"Telepathy," says another. Probably. Telepathy is an almost established fact. There is no reason why we should doubt that in that mother's "strong crying with tears" certain thought forces were actually created, and conveyed, probably in a moment's flash, to the mind of the boy on the Bowery. But that still does not answer the question, where did the thought (the thought, if you like, that the mother sent) come from?

Listen! There is only one answer. The mother, the spirit of the mother, the real entity of the mother, was in touch with God, geared upon God, "one with" God, her will blended with the Divine Will. That is prayer, and it was through prayer the boy was saved.

Unselfishness in Prayer

Let me now illustrate another principle of Christ's teaching on prayer,—unselfishness.

It is not necessary to cite any particular passage. This is the most conspicuous characteristic of all the Master's life and work. Prevailing prayer must always be unselfish.

One of my most valued personal friends is a man who for many years dragged through a weary, heart-sickening experience of hopeless alcoholism. The shackles of this tyrannical habit were riveted upon him with adamantine grip. The supremest efforts of his will in seeking deliverance were defied and defeated. He struggled, he writhed to be free, but all in vain. He was helplessly enmeshed in the toils. And, strange to say, he prayed. He prayed frequently, and at times with almost frantic earnestness. "Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss," wrote one who was privileged to know Christ's teachings and habits better than all other human beings save two. I allude to the Apostle James. James says much about prayer in that short letter of his, but nothing more impressive than this, that the paramount hindrance to prayer is SELFISHNESS. "Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss, THAT YE MAY SPEND IT IN YOUR PLEASURE."

My friend was selfish. His life was a life of selfishness, his prayers were selfish prayers, and until this element was expurgated, they were necessarily of no avail.

He was a man of education, expert in his business, with a loving wife and three children, the youngest a babe of six months, when the drink habit secured such

a mastery of his personality that he left his home and steered his battered bark into the Sargasso Sea of the Bowery. For a time the release from family responsibilities and the absence of all restraint were so appealing to his selfish susceptibilities that the low, unclean life of the drunkard's world was partially bearable. The agony of the waiting wife and the dumb wonder of the children, a wonder and awe that made their little hearts ache, at the strange absence of the father, had, at that time, no place in the drunkard's thoughts.

As time wore on, however, he began to crave for the loving ministrations of his wife, the companionship of his children, and the comforts of his home. But while it was still possible for him to return to his rightful place and responsibilities, his selfish love for a life of unrestrained dissipation threw the balance in the other direction. And so he sank lower and lower in the slough of gross self-indulgence, until all hope of the recovery of home, wife, children, reputation, friends, and a means of livelihood passed away, and he was "plunged in a gulf of dark despair."

Then he drank harder and sank lower than ever. Fifteen years elapsed and the baby of six months was now a stalwart youth. The brave wife had nobly done her part in rearing and educating the children, and the elder two were in good commercial positions. But no news of the prodigal father came to hand.

Once a crisis arose. A clear title to a small piece of property must be given. The husband's signature was necessary and he could not be found. He was extensively advertised for, but without avail. Legal authorities decided that a divorce must be secured, and

the Supreme Court of the State must declare him dead. This was done, and some years later he learned that all claim upon his wife and family had been forfeited forever.

Poor doomed mortal! It seemed impossible for things to be worse. The black night of impenetrable despair surrounded him, and he drank harder than ever. In his sober moments he prayed, but it was the old selfish prayer, asking God to lift him out of the pit into which he had fallen, and restore to him all his lost comforts, conveniences, and chances.

At last, on one memorable night, in a little mission in Brooklyn, the Gospel Mission of Myrtle Avenue, a wonderful thing happened. Why it should happen there, and then, and in that particular manner, who can say? He cannot. He knows he had been drinking. He can point out to you the saloon in Atlantic Avenue where he had his last glass of whiskey. He entered the humble-looking mission footsore and weary. He was the same poor, weak, helpless, flabby, spineless mortal that he had felt himself to be these many years. He barely remembers what happened at the service. He recalls that a kindly faced man, former Senator R. L. Gledhill, read the parable of the sower, and a tender-hearted woman had shaken his hand as he entered. He had gone through meetings like this often before. He was listless, dazed with drink, utterly indifferent to his surroundings, until, suddenly, he felt himself praying, and for the first time in many years he prayed an unselfish prayer. It had its immediate and soul-satisfying answer.

The memory of that thrilling moment is retained most vividly in his mind, and he declares that in the

prayer there was not the faintest trace of a thought of his own welfare. In that supreme soul-crisis he seemed to become utterly oblivious of himself. He forgot he had a body, or even a soul. He was swept at once into the great warm current of Divine Love and into a wonderful peace-giving harmony with the Divine Will. Whether he might be called to face hunger or plenty, crowning or crucifixion, life or death, were unconsidered questions. There were no questions, no doubts, no arguments, just one great passionate cry that came from the depths of his yearning heart, "O God, take sin out of my life!"

It was an all-embracing, all-surrendering prayer. It was answered. From that day to this he has not experienced a desire for drink. Drink, even as a thought, passed out of his life forever. He never dreamed of how God was going to answer his prayer. He had no hopes, no plans for the future, no thought of self. But, as he often quotes, "The Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly."

He had for ten months been struggling up the highway to respectability when God sent him to work in the Bowery Mission. He has been by my side ever since, and I know full well how uprightly he has walked.

Barely two years had elapsed when I had the pleasure of remarrying him to the wife from whom he had so long been separated. His two sons are among the most respected and honored of their native state and city. His daughter is married and is equally respected in her home and social circle. At Thanksgiving and other times of reunion this devoted man gath-

ers his children and his grandchildren around him in the re-established home, and they rejoice with him in the abundance of the answer that has come to a truly unselfish prayer.

An All-Embracing Prayer

I am going to tell you the story of Alexander Glass. It illustrates several features of prayer as taught by Christ, which will appear so clearly that it will be unnecessary for me to point them out.

In the evangelical circles of Greater New York, few laymen are better known. He is a hard-working business man, but all his leisure is devoted to efforts for the betterment of his fellow men. For over sixteen years he has acted as a lay assistant to the Chaplain of Raymond Street Jail, in Brooklyn, and he is rarely absent from the Sunday morning service there. He is in frequent demand for special meetings in churches, Y. M. C. A. gatherings, temperance meetings, tent and open-air services, and never says NO to an invitation.

He takes special delight, however, in the work of the Bowery Mission, where I made his acquaintance on my becoming Superintendent of that institution some seventeen years ago. He was a young Christian at that time, and found that the meetings of the Mission gave him great strength and inspiration. Mr. John H. Wyburn, my predecessor, had encouraged him to attend, and had, in his characteristically loving and gentle way, induced him to take some part in the work. He kept at it, and during all these years no one has been more loyal and devoted to the lost men of the Bowery than he. For several years he has been one of the

leaders of the Mission. He was the son of godly Scotch parents, who neglected nothing that was necessary in the religious education of their boy. His boyhood, youth, and early manhood were spent within the gracious influences of a Christ-ruled home, with the added benefits and safeguards of Sunday school and church. Strange, is it not, that one exalted to heaven by privileges like these should be plunged in a few short years into the burning hell of city debauchery, riot, and sin? But so it was. He held a good business position with a salary more than sufficient for his needs. He began to frequent uptown cafés. He was a genial soul, he possessed entertaining manners and a good voice, and was in great demand in bacchanalian circles. *Facilis decensus Averni.* To one of his excitable and high-strung nature, the passage to the lower world was of a very rapid character. From "walking in the counsel of the godly," to "standing in the way of sinners," and from that to "sitting in the seat of the scornful" were quickly succeeding stages in the progress of the rake. Reckless rebellion against all his early education and home restraints, shameful hypocrisy in his church-member days, then open and avowed godlessness, these were the things that marked the steps in the development of his character-degeneration.

From ushering in the Moody and Sankey meetings in the Hippodrome he would frequently adjourn to some gilded barroom where he would parody in profane and ribald language the songs and prayers he had just heard. No wonder that in a remarkably short time this monstrous treachery to the Cause that had blessed him so wonderfully in his early life came to a culmina-

tion in a prison cell. In Raymond Street Jail, the same prison that was in after years to be the scene of his untiring efforts to comfort and bless other sinning and suffering men, he sat with hate and murder in his heart. He had no sense of his own wrongdoing. He made himself believe that he was a victim of the cruelty of others. He felt himself a martyr. It became a monomania with him. The longer he remained there, and the more he brooded over his condition, the bitterer became his hate and the deadlier became his desire for revenge. Particularly was he enraged against religion. The simple-minded and loving-hearted people who came within the prison to minister to his and his fellow prisoners' spiritual needs were the especial targets of his contempt and wrath. One of these good souls one morning announced the first hymn of the service as "Let the Blessed Sunshine In," when he remarked, "This is a hell of a place to sing about letting the sunshine in."

So he lingered for several months in Raymond Street, brooding, cursing, raging, and planning revenge on these he mistakenly imagined were the creators of his misfortunes.

One Sunday morning he came out, and proceeded to carry out his threats. He had no money, his clothes were disreputable-looking, but he cared not a rap for that. A few drinks would give him the necessary stimulus, and he would soon get even. He hastened to a saloon where in former days he had squandered many dollars, and entering by a side-door, swung into the old familiar bar, and accosting the bartender said:

"For God's sake, Fred, give me a drink!"

"You here?" returned the bartender, and, seizing a

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soda-water syphon as the handiest weapon of ejection, and coming around the end of the counter, and using the expulsive power of a large-sized German foot, he propelled the applicant through the door to the sidewalk in a fraction of the time that it had taken him to enter.

Aleck Glass stood on the kerbstone utterly dumfounded. What prison discipline and judicial correction had failed to do, this last shameful and unexpected indignity put upon him by the pedal performance of the German bartender did instanter.

"Has it come to this?" he said, as he gazed in sheer amazement at the retreating figure of the Boniface. And as he repeated the question it began to assume a character of real, tangible, and tragical importance to him. "What repulsive kind of a beast have I become that they don't want me in a dirty saloon like that? What miserable kind of a toad have I been changed into that I allow myself to be kicked into the gutter by a hired beer-slinger like Fred?" He took off his battered derby and scratched his head, he gazed at his threadbare and crumpled coat and pants and his ill-fitting shoes, as though they might be able to furnish an answer to his questions.

Then in his shame, helplessness, and despair, there came rushing into his mind the thoughts of what he once was, a happy, wholesome boy in a Christian home, a son beloved of the best father and mother that ever boy possessed, his young life crowded with comforts, abounding in blessings, sunlit with joys, and now all gone, it seemed, forever.

This was his soul-crisis, the acme of his agony, the climax of his struggle. As they tell us that a drowning

man has flashed before his consciousness in a moment a panoramic view of all the events of his existence, Aleck Glass seemed in that supreme moment of despair to see in one comprehensive glance all, or at any rate the conspicuous events of his life. He heard his mother's prayers over his little figure as he knelt at her side in his early childhood. He heard his father's tones in the old days of family prayer, that same father's tender entreaties over and over again during his own days of profligacy and sin. He remembered hearing the broken-hearted wail that his father uttered one night as he stumbled over his own prostrate and drunken form lying in the sitting-room, "My God, what have I done to deserve a son like this?"

These thoughts brought tears to the sunken eyes, and a great surge of Godward desire to his aching heart. Raising his arms above his head he uttered a prayer, simple and direct, a God-inspired prayer, such a prayer as never fails to pierce the skies, and reach the heart of the Eternal: "O God," he said, "make me a man!"

The answer came immediately.

A church bell began to ring. It seemed to be especially ringing to and for him. The message it carried was as distinct as though it had been spoken by a human voice. "Come to prayer, come to prayer!" It seemed to him as though it were the voice of God. It *was* the voice of God.

At that psychological moment Aleck Glass had no more doubt about that being a message from God than he had doubts about having just been ejected from the saloon by Fred, the barkeeper. And he "was not disobedient unto the heavenly Vision."

Although another voice immediately suggested, "You are a fine fellow to go to pray. You'd look splendid going to church in those clothes," he paused just a moment, then went in the direction of the bell. He knew the church. He knew how he would be stared at by the well-dressed people, and how he would be shunned by them as they would shun a mad dog. But on he went and reached the church, the Tabernacle M. E. Church of Greenpoint. On that memorable morning he became a new creature in Christ Jesus. The anger went out of his heart. The desire for drink was annihilated. It has never troubled him since. For nearly twenty years he has been a happy, consistent, and an abundantly useful Christian man.

Some three years after his conversion he was present at a W. C. T. U. meeting in Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, when in the absence of the appointed precentor some one said, "Mr. Glass, will you take charge of the singing?" He readily discharged this duty. After the meeting, the principal lady speaker went to him and asked him the question, "Is your name Alexander Glass?" "Yes," he replied. "Do you, or did you, live at No. . . . Street some three years ago?" "Yes," he again replied.

"Let me tell you something that will interest you," she said. "We have for several years had a prayer circle in connection with our work in Greenpoint, at which we have made a practice of praying for the conversion of particular individuals. We enter the names in a book of record, and keep praying for them until the prayer is answered. Some years ago, some one, I don't know who, entered your name. I did not know you, and have never met you until to-day, but I and many

others prayed in our prayer circle for your conversion, and our prayer has been answered."

The illustrations so far given have had reference to the fact of conversion, but conversion is merely the threshold of the building, the lodge-gate to the vast estate, the prelude to the oratorio. Prayer enters into every nook and corner, every crevice and cranny of the soul's experience.

The Lord's prayer stands alone in unrivaled sublimity, because of its suggestive comprehensiveness. With matchless conciseness it focuses our desires on a few great points, which cover every possible experience and need, material and spiritual, of human life. Then follow in the sixth chapter of Matthew those wonderfully comforting and encouraging words of the Great Teacher, "Be not therefore anxious, for your Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things," and the believer is made to realize that, in every turn and twist of his earthly pathway, prayer keeps him everlastingly in touch with the central source of power and life.

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven by prayer."

Comfort, in Answer to Prayer

Nothing is clearer than that the great, tender-hearted Teacher intended prayer to be a *source of comfort* to His people in hours of trouble and distress. He had His own Gethsemane, and in His agony He prayed, "Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done."

"And there appeared unto Him an angel from heaven, strengthening Him."

Can any one doubt the beneficent design in putting this fact on record? Tens of thousands of believing souls in the hour of their dark Gethsemane have prayed the same prayer, in the same spirit, and have realized the presence of the strengthening angel.

One of the most touching thoughts about Christ and His relationship to His disciples was His solicitous consideration of and provision for their comfort after His departure. "I will not leave you comfortless." "The Comforter will come." "The Father will send Him unto you." It is a beautiful word, comfort. Co, that is, together with, or company. Fort, that is strength. To strengthen by company. Prayer is communion with God, being in fellowship, in company with God, and receiving strength thereby.

A father was sitting at work at his desk one day. His little boy came into the room, and sat down on a chair as quietly as possible. After a long time his father looked up and said, "Why are you here, sonny?" "Just to be beside you, papa." That was communion. That really was the attitude of prayer, although never a word was said.

One cannot be in that attitude long without becoming so perfectly attuned to the will of the Father, and so strengthened by the quiet inflow of spiritual energy as to become strengthened for the bearing of any cross, or the fighting for any cause. Christ's night visits to the hillside meant sweet, intense, refreshing fellowship with the Father. This is our privilege and our source of strength.

A prominent business man in Brooklyn, a worldly,

money-grasping man, was bereaved of his wife. She had been an earnest Christian woman, and died praying for the conversion of her husband. He was terribly shaken by his loss. One night, while lying awake in the darkness of his room, he heard a voice from the little bed at his side, saying, "Take my hand, papa; it is so dark." He reached forth his large, strong hand, and took the small trembling one in it until the timorous child fell asleep. And forthwith there came a message to that keen, eager business man, as clearly as if a human voice had spoken it, telling him that in the darkness of the bitter bereavement that had come upon him a strong, yet gentle, hand was held out for his comfort and his help. He responded at once with the prayer, "Father, take Thou my hand, as I have taken the hand of my child, and give me rest of soul, for Jesus' sake." The prayer was answered then and there. The Comforter had come.

There is another story told of equal pathos of another business man who, after much success in business, was called upon to suffer serious reverses. One sad evening he returned from the city a ruined man. His wife and little girl were waiting for him, but were chilled to their hearts when they looked upon his face, usually so bright and cheerful, now so pale and wrinkled with care. With a broken voice he told his wife of the crush that had come, and of his business ruin. She was so crushed herself that it seemed impossible for her to utter a word of solace or advice. The little child, however, put her arms around his neck, and in a gentle voice said, "Tell God all about it, father dear!" It was just the word that was needed. It appealed at once to the merchant and his wife. They

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knelt, and, in simple, direct language, poured out their hearts to God in an earnest plea for help. The prayer was answered. He rose to his feet with a clear plan in his mind of how his difficulties might be met, and it was not long before he was on his feet again.

Queen Alexandra had the great grief to lose her first-born son, Prince Albert Victor. It was a heart-breaking trial, and it was deemed necessary by her husband, then Prince of Wales, and her family, that she should have her mind diverted by travel. They took her to Rome and showed her the priceless treasures of art, the monuments of history, the scenes of romance. She was asked by a sympathetic friend whether she had experienced relief. "Yes," was the gentle answer, "but it is not in sweeter gardens, or nobler palaces, or bluer skies. I am finding daily comfort in prayer."

Sir Edwin Landseer was not of a very pronounced religious turn of mind, but on an occasion of unusual and unexpected trouble he was made to realize wherein his only source of comfort lay. He turned at first to a friend, Henry Graves, the publisher, and went away more depressed than ever. "Don't think me unkind, Graves," he said, "but I am none the happier for this long talk." He then went to another friend, Thomas Sidney Cooper, the great animal painter, and stated his case. Cooper listened eagerly and sympathetically. "I think I can put you in the way of getting the very thing you want," he said. He laid his hand upon Landseer's shoulder with a gentle but unmistakable pressure, and Landseer knew what it meant. In another moment he was on his knees with his friend kneeling by his side. Together they prayed and as they

prayed the burden was lifted from the great artist's heart, as a fog is lifted from the mountain's brow by the quiet but irresistible energy of the sun. Rising to his feet, his eyes radiant with a new light, he said, "Cooper, you have put me in the way of obtaining the very comfort I needed."

A Child's Prayer Answered

Christ said of little children, "For of such is the kingdom of heaven." A child's trustfulness is the proper ideal for a Christian disciple to aim at, and a child's prayer is a model prayer of faith.

Peter's prayer, "Lord, save me or I perish," was the outcome of dire distress; the publican's prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner," the expression of overwhelming shame and humiliation; Charles Balevre's prayer, "O God, take sin out of my life," Aleck Glass' prayer, "O God, make me a man," were the utterances of lives shaken by the upheaval of unwonted emotions, but there have been tens of thousands of "Now I lay me down to sleep" that have just as surely and as quickly touched the heart of God as these dramatic prayers that have come ringing from adult hearts and lips.

The great pray-ers of history have always been those who have approached God with childlike simplicity, and have taken His promises with childlike literalness.

I remember once hearing John Ashworth speak. Half a century ago John Ashworth did a wonderful mission work among the poor people of the Lancashire towns in England, and especially during the time of terrible distress, caused by the closing of the cotton mills during the American Civil War. He left a

record of much of this work in two little volumes entitled *Strange Tales*. He told us of a little boy he had come to know who one day saw his mother weeping and inquired of her the cause. She had many a time wept in secret for she tried to hide her sorrow from her children. She was a widow, and was very poor; indeed, at this time, quite destitute. She was obliged now to tell him the truth, and very gently and tenderly she imparted to his little wondering mind the circumstances. Since his father's death she had often with the greatest difficulty provided bread for himself and his two younger sisters. She wanted to keep him at school a little longer, but had been obliged that day to secure him a job in a neighboring store, where he would get a small sum weekly, and that, with what she could earn herself, would keep them alive. The little fellow was very brave, and tried to be very comforting. He put his arms around his mother's neck, and kissed her, and told her he would be a good boy, and do his work well, and do his best to help.

The first day he was at work he was sent to the post-office with some letters. He knew the postmaster and at once began to tell him of the new duties and responsibilities that had fallen upon him. Incidentally the conversation turned upon the letters he was handing in. "Was it not wonderful," said the postmaster, "that any letter written and properly stamped would be sent on to its destination, even if that destination were in the uttermost parts of the earth."

That remark gave the small boy an idea. He brooded over it during the remainder of the day, and at night in his own little room he took pen and ink and paper, and wrote these words:

"To my Lord Jesus Christ in Heaven: My father is dead, and my mother weeps because my father is dead, and we are very poor. Please do help mother, so that she will not weep."

He placed it in an envelope, and addressed it, "Lord Jesus Christ in Heaven." It was handed to the postmaster who did not recognize the handwriting. He was puzzled by it although he felt there was some pathetic tragedy behind it. While he was trying to solve the mystery a minister of the town entered whom he knew. The minister read the note, and was much touched by it. He asked permission to read it at a meeting of his church that evening. He did so, and under the stress of emotion caused by the story of the little letter a lady arose and said, "Pastor, if I could find the writer of that note, I should feel it my duty to give whatever assistance might be required." The mother and the little boy were there. The mother hung her head in fear and amazement, for in a moment she suspected who had written it, but the boy, in his excitement at hearing his note read, rose to his feet, and in a shrill voice announced, "Please, ma'am, I'm here!" The lady fulfilled her promise. The boy and his sisters were sent back to school. The widowed mother found a real friend in the hour of her need. A child's prayer is a prayer of implicit trust—the unfaltering kind of trust that Christ enjoined.

Guidance and Inspiration Through Prayer

One of the commonest mistakes that Christian people make is that of spending so much prayer time in talking and so little in listening.

Why cannot we learn the lesson the Master taught

by His example, and give time to the finding out of what God's will is, instead of occupying all the time in asking for things that *our* wills are bent upon getting?

The Psalmist said of the saints of God, "Their strength is to sit still."

Savonarola said of the people of his day, that they spent so much time talking to God they had no time left in which to listen. It is, unfortunately, a thousand times more true to-day. Oh, the hurry, worry, flurry, scurry of modern life, even in the religious world!

Dr. W. L. Watkinson of England says that what Christians need to learn to-day is the "sublime art of sitting still."

We evangelicals have emphasized so strongly the fact that we are "justified by faith," that we forget that the just shall "live by faith."

The work of God in our hearts begins not by our strength and mastery, but by our quiescent submissiveness and receptivity. We have grown so high and mighty by our marvelous advances in science, commerce, discovery, education, and government, that we are apt to think that our spiritual attainments similarly depend on our puissant prowess.

When people complain sometimes of unanswered prayer the fact is God is waiting until we stop talking, and so get into a passive, listening, receptive attitude, that we may hear His voice and receive His blessing.

Go into the silences, and listen for the voice of God!

Surely nothing is more beautiful about prayer than the fact that when a believing soul is in perplexity and asks for light, the light is always given.

William T. Stead, the great journalist, was, from

his youth up, a man of prayer. When he was first offered an editorship he sought God's advice, and turned to the book of Proverbs. "I remember," he said, "reading all the proverbs relating to kings, to get at the best advice as to the right discharge of editorial duties. Joshua 1, perhaps, influenced me most, with its repeated exhortations to be strong and courageous; but for single verses I must mention Proverbs 3:5, 6 as great favorites:

"'Trust in Jehovah with all thy heart, and lean not upon thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct thy paths."

Americans will never forget Abraham Lincoln's testimony: "I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom, and that of all about me, seemed insufficient for that day."

Dr. Ferdinand C. Iglehart, in his book, *The Speaking Oak,* tells of an interesting circumstance in Lincoln's life. It was related by a Dr. Hill in Dr. Iglehart's study one evening after a meeting of the church officials had taken place. An informal discussion arose concerning Lincoln's religion. One said Lincoln was an atheist, another was inclined to consider him an unbeliever, but the majority were of the opinion that he was a true Christian. Dr. Hill said, "Brethren, I think I can settle the matter." Then he told of a reception which he attended at the White House during the war, given to the members of the Sanitary Commission. Dr. Hill, in conversation with President Lincoln, congratulated him on the wonderful success of the Commission. Lincoln said, "Doctor, would you like to

know how the institution was started?" "I certainly would, Mr. President," said Dr. Hill. "Well," went on Lincoln, "one rainy night I could not sleep, the wounds of the soldiers and sailors distressed me; their pains pierced my heart, and I asked God to show me how they could have better relief. After wrestling some time in prayer, He put the plans of the Sanitary Commission in my mind, and they have been carried out pretty much as God gave them to me that night. Doctor, thank our kind Heavenly Father for the Sanitary Commission and not me."

There could be little doubt as to the Christian faith of a man who could act and talk like that.

Sir Isaac Newton said: "I can take my telescope and look millions and millions of miles into space, but I can lay it aside and go into my room, shut the door, get down on my knees in earnest prayer, and see more of heaven, and get closer to God than I can assisted by all the telescopes and material agencies of earth."

Lord Kelvin, without doubt one of the greatest scientists of the nineteenth century, said: "Every discovery I have made that has contributed to the benefit of man He has given me in answer to prayer."

Professor S. F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, said: "Many a time when I was making my experiments in my laboratory at the university I would come to a standstill, not knowing what to do next. An obstacle would present itself that seemed to be insurmountable. A mental fog would cloud my mind that would not clear away. But during such times I always locked my doors, knelt down, and prayed for light and help. And light and help invariably came."

Professor Agassiz opened his classes with prayer. He believed firmly that God revealed His laws to His obedient creatures who sought light in reverent and believing supplication. He believed that his most valuable discoveries were made through prayer.

Queen Victoria once visited an English farmer who had invented a plow which was a most valuable help to agriculture. She asked him how he came to think of the invention.

"I had it in my head for a long time," replied the farmer, "but could not quite complete it until I took it to God in prayer. Then my head got clear and I could see how to put it together just right."

"And you actually prayed over a plow?" the Queen asked.

"Yes, indeed, I did, and God answered my prayers," said he.

Then England's great Empress-Queen replied, "I believe every word you say, for I know He answers prayer."

In one of the magazine articles on Woodrow Wilson, which came out at the time of his election as President, the following story appeared:

When he was invited to become a candidate for the Presidency his house was full of reporters waiting to hear his decision. To their surprise he withdrew with his wife, and kept them waiting for twenty minutes before he announced his answer. One of them had the impertinence to ask Mrs. Wilson what they were doing all that time. "Well," she said shyly, "you know we are religious people."

Another story of President Wilson, still more recently, and more largely circulated, and never denied, is

that at a cabinet meeting, held at a time when relations with certain European powers were much strained, and when the Mexican trouble was at its highest pitch of intensity, he said, as they assembled, "Gentlemen, I don't know how you feel about it, but this is a time when I think we ought to ask the special guidance of the Almighty."

And he led his cabinet colleagues in prayer.

George Washington, according to the record of his nephew and private secretary, Robert Lewis, entered his library every morning, between four and five o'clock, read a chapter of the Bible, and with the open book before him, knelt down, and prayed earnestly to God for guidance and help during the day.

With similar regularity, at the close of the day, his habit was to kneel in prayer, returning thanks for the blessings of the day, and committing himself to God's watchful care for the night.

Leonidas Polk was a young cadet at West Point. While there he became a Christian, and a remarkable change came over his life and conduct. He had been careless and indifferent about his studies. Now he was the very embodiment of industry, but, alas, conversion does not always mean the recovery of lost opportunities, and he found he could not in weeks make up for the loss of months. At the annual examination he was called to the blackboard and given a problem to solve. It was one he had never studied. He knew nothing about it, and was at a loss to know what to do. He realized what a disgrace it would be to him, and to the Master whom he had come to love, if he failed. All he could do was to pray. And he prayed, in a real, earnest outspoken way to his Friend. It was of course

only a short, almost momentary prayer, but his very heart of hearts was in it. "Jesus, help me!" Then he took the chalk and began to work. At first all was dark, but soon he saw a beginning, and he worked through slowly to the end. He did not know whether it was right, and after explaining the process he awaited the verdict. The professors whispered together, and he feared it was wrong. At last one asked him, "Mr. Polk, where did you get that solution?" "Is it not right, sir?" Polk replied. "Right!" replied the examiner; "it is not only right, but it is the most beautiful demonstration of that problem ever given. It is new and not to be found in any of the books."

Unbelievers of a philosophical turn may try to account for this in some roundabout psychological way, but Leonidas Polk believed the solution was given him in answer to prayer.

Tad Jones' name will always have an honored place in the roll of Yale University. Not only because of his fame as an athlete, but because of the deep interest he always took in the religious life of the college. He was one of the most famous quarter-backs that ever signaled Uncle Eli's bulldogs in their rushes between the goals. The game at Harvard in his senior year had been terribly nerve-racking and exciting. He was the hero of the day. He had been borne shoulder-height from the field by his yelling comrades. At the banquet in the evening he made a speech which thrilled and awed Yale and Harvard men as nothing they had ever heard before. It was a good speech and created great enthusiasm, but suddenly he stopped. Every one thought he had finished, but he remained on his feet.

He evidently wished to say something more but found a difficulty in putting it into words.

"Fellows," he commenced, then paused again. "It's a funny thing to tell you here, but I feel I must tell you. This morning I felt I did not have it." He meant that he felt he was unable to do his part in the coming game. "I felt I did not have it, so I went to my room, and prayed, and when I came downstairs I felt I had it." He sat down in a dead silence. Such a speech had never been heard before at a football banquet. But every Yale man knew Tad Jones. They knew he was as good a Christian as he was an athlete. Of his religious sincerity there was not a doubt. The story had been told so simply and unaffectedly that there was not the slightest trace of Pharisaism about it. The silence lasted just a few brief moments, until they got their breath again, then the applause came, big, thundering, exulting. "I prayed, and I felt I had it."

"Thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly."

Dr. Grenfell, the hero of Labrador, says of himself: "God has seemed nearest when I have been forced to face a task that I had not sought, and that seemed to be the one I was utterly unable to fulfill."

Thousands of Christian believers have often, with bewildering suddenness, found themselves in front of an impassable Red Sea, with Pharaoh's thundering hosts behind, the only way open being the upward way in prayer, and prayer has brought deliverance.

A few years ago I started off to a distant city in search of a man whose wife was deeply concerned about him. I had no clew whatever to his whereabouts except the wife's surmise that he was in that particular city. On my arrival I searched all the likely hotels for him without avail. I consulted the police, I visited the hospitals, but without finding the slightest trace. It was nightfall. I had come out of one of the hospitals, and I knew not where else to go. I was completely baffled. I stood at the corner of a silent street, uncovered my head, and prayed for direction. I talked to God as simply as I knew how. I felt my prayer was answered. I had an instant conviction that the man was in that city, and that I should meet him. Off I started, guided by a church spire which, hazily visible in the darkening dusk, stood at the next corner. I rounded the corner, and there, approaching me, was the man I was seeking.

He could not explain to me why he had been impelled to leave the house in which he was staying at that particular time, nor why he had taken that particular route. I knew. My prayer was part and parcel of the process by which God worked out his restoration. Within an hour we were aboard the train for his home.

The Master said, "Watch and pray!" "Watch," by itself might sound hard, and it implies loneliness. But "pray" means that a man is never alone, that an Almighty Friend, and an Unfailing Director, is ever with him.

Dr. John Timothy Stone gives splendid advice when he says: "Face the work of every day with the influ-

ence of a few thoughtful, quiet moments with your own heart and God."

Surely nothing is more true than that believing prayer is the surest compass by which to steer our human bark across the sea of life.

Healing, as a Result of Prayer

This is a large subject, and one that in recent years has been much thought about and discussed. Once again I must refrain from entering into mere academic debate on the question. My duty is simply to bring before my readers hard, solid, incontestable facts.

The first and all-important fact about prayer and healing is the place it occupied in the life and work of the Master. During the three years of His public ministry, it seemed to be a matter of almost daily occurrence for him to be confronted with those who appealed for His help in the cure of disease, or deliverance from bodily affliction. Never, once, according to the record, did He turn away such an applicant.

The significant fact, however, is that He so often made the blessing to depend upon the definitely presented request of the ailing one, or some interested friend, and declare that it was because of their faith that the cure had been wrought.

What is the lesson we are to learn?

The lesson that his intimate companion, James, so practically sets forth in his letter to his brethren of the Dispersion (James 5:14, 15), "The prayer of faith shall heal the sick."

Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that great religious leaders, like Luther and Wesley, men who have

enjoyed close spiritual intimacy with the Master, have made this a prominent feature of their teaching?

And may we not also conclude that because of the modern Church having neglected this high prerogative, owing, no doubt, to the insidious influence of our present materialistic age, the work of healing through prayer has, to some extent, passed into the hands of agencies outside of the regular machinery of the Church?

Upon whose authority has James' edict as to calling the Church together, and praying over the sick, with the positive assurance of success, been abrogated? Is it not still true, dear church members, that "the prayer of faith shall heal the sick"?

That the law still holds, and the promise still avails, I can, with the utmost confidence, from my own personal experience, and with many witnesses still surrounding me, who will doubtless read this page, most emphatically aver.

Of all the wonderful facts that have come to my notice regarding divine interposition in human affairs, when every ordinary means has been unavailingly employed, none is more marvelous than the fact of my own restoration to health in February, 1914. I was stricken down suddenly with a strange complication of physical troubles, and it seemed for a time as though the end had come. The doctors were baffled. My own physician worked devotedly, but was obliged to call in three specialists who were divided in their opinions, both as to the cause of the illness and as to its remedy. For a week I lay in extreme suffering, and most of the time unconscious. To relieve the pain the doctor had repeatedly to administer morphine. One

memorable night, when I was barely conscious because of intense physical agony, my wife sat by my side holding my hand. The doctor had been obliged to leave me for a short time. Suddenly the pain left me, and turning to my wife I asked her what night in the week it was. "It is Thursday night," she said. "Then," I replied, "they have been praying for me at the Mission, for the pain is gone, and I am going to get better." The doctor, a Hebrew gentleman, returned shortly, and I at once said to him, "Doctor, I am going to get better, and it is in answer to prayer."

Thursday evening was my own special night at the Bowery Mission. Mr. Hunt, my assistant, who came to visit me the next morning, told us that knowing the extreme condition of the case, the dear fellows had agreed to spend a considerable portion of the time of the meeting in prayer for my recovery. One rough man rose in the midst of the audience, and said, "I don't know how to pray, but I want that man to get better. If that is prayer, then I pray for our Superintendent." It was while they were in the act of prayer that a Divine Hand was laid upon the writhing body and the pain dispelled. It never came back. From that moment I began to recover, and never had a setback till full restoration was accomplished.

Does an event like this contravene in any way the operation of natural law, or interrupt the regular order of the universe? What is law but an expression of the will of God, stated in human language? The establishment of these natural laws has come about by painstaking observation of facts. Newton, Linnæus, Darwin, and others spent year after year classifying facts, then deducing laws which we accept with every

token of humility and gratitude. Now, why don't scientists give the same earnest consideration to the facts connected with prayer?

There are vast mysteries in the universe that the keenest intellect has failed to grasp or solve. Every day our knowledge of law is being widened and deepened, but still, how little we know!

Christ, with a knowledge of the Father's will, far surpassing any human ken, lays down the law of prayer in these simple words, "Whatsoever things ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." It is insulting to Him to suppose for one moment that He meant by this that prayer was a kind of talisman by which we could obtain the gratification of any whimsical desire, but He did mean that prayer was a real force, which, put into operation by a believing soul, would bring about results that to an unbeliever would appear impossible.

The Great Teacher did declare, and that with unusual emphasis, that there is a domain in human affairs in which things are affected, and effected, by the prayer of faith.

In confirmation of this law of prayer facts are happening every day, of which the one related above is an example. Is it not just as legitimate for us to take these facts, sustaining the law of prayer, as it was for Darwin to take the facts of biology in establishing his law of evolution?

My desk is crowded with letters telling me of answered prayer in the matter of physical and mental healing. On the shelves of my library are whole rows of books attesting the same facts. In the Bowery Mission nightly meetings the telephone bell often rings just

as we are about to pray asking us to pray for sufferers of all kinds; the prayer is offered, the patient recovers.

On a recent Sunday morning a telephone message came saying a little child was lying critically ill with diphtheria, and asking us to pray for her. We did. From that moment the child began to mend, and quickly recovered.

A few evenings previously, just as the meeting was commencing, the leader was telephoned to by a friend saying that the lady with whom she was living was ill and in a critical condition, and asking for prayers. The prayer was submitted at the meeting, and the lady began to recover at the identical moment the prayer was offered.

A great Brooklyn preacher said to his congregation one Sunday morning, "A prominent merchant of New York told a member of my family that he wished to have the fact known that his mother, who had suffered for some time from a dreadful abscess, had been healed in answer to prayer. She had suffered untold agonies, and all surgery had been exhausted upon her, but she got worse and worse until they called in a few Christian friends to pray about it. They commended her to God, and the abscess began immediately to be cured. She is now entirely well, and without knife or surgery."

As I write these lines the scourge of infantile paralysis is raging all around us. A copy of the New York *Herald*, of Thursday, August 24th, lies before me. It contains the account of a telegram sent by Mr. and Mrs. Irving R. Bacon to the Rev. Sister Cypriana, Superior, St. Mary's Convent, Winfield, L. I. It reads

as follows: "Sylvia dying at Newark City Hospital. Please pray for her." The *Herald* proceeds to tell the story that this little child, nine years old, lay in the hospital so sick with this dreadful disease that the physicians had told the distressed parents that there was not the slightest chance for her recovery and that she would probably die within a few hours. Then the parents sent the telegram to the convent at which the child had lived for several years. The kind-hearted Superior at once called the ten nuns of the convent to the chapel, and they prayed long, earnestly, devoutly, for the life of the child whom they loved so dearly. An hour after the telegram was sent, Mr. Bacon called at the hospital, where the nurses and physicians informed him that within a few minutes of the time his telegram was sent she had indicated a remarkable improvement, and that her recovery was a perfect enigma to them all. When the New York *Herald* reporter was writing his story the child was just about to leave the hospital.

These are a few types of cases that prove the truth of James' statement, "The prayer of faith shall heal the sick." The prayer of faith is always a prayer that seeks to conform the will of the pray-er to the will of God. It may not always be the will of God to bring back a dying mortal to the earthly sphere again. There is another law which says, "It is appointed unto men once to die." But the facts cited, and the tens of thousands of cases that might be cited if space permitted, prove that there is a vast realm of human experience in which prayer is divinely planned to be an operating force.

God grant that the Church may come more and more

to realize that its primitive privilege still prevails,—"The prayer of faith shall heal the sick."

Regarding prayer and the healing of mental diseases I cannot do better than recommend the reader to study the wonderful chapter on "Prayer and Its Therapeutic Value" in Drs. Worcester and McCombs' splendid book on *Religion and Medicine,* and I will close this chapter by quoting the statement made at the meeting of the British Medical Association at Leicester, England, a few years ago, by Dr. Theodore B. Hyslop, Superintendent of the Bethlehem Royal Hospital, and one of the leading alienists of the world. He said, "As one whose whole life has been concerned with the suffering of the mind, I would state that of all the hygienic measures to counteract disturbed sleep, depression of spirits, and all the miserable sequels of a distressed mind, I would undoubtedly give the first place to the simple habit of prayer."

CHAPTER IV

ANSWERED PRAYER

(b) In the Affairs of Communities and Nations

In enumerating facts as to Answered Prayer I cannot entirely omit reference to happenings in collective and national life. No one who has studied the great events of history can fail to realize how often the movings of the hand of Omnipotence have been caused by prayer.

A storm such as had never swept the coast of the British Isles swooped down upon the mighty armada of one hundred and forty Spanish ships. This great fleet represented at that time the very climax of invincibility in sea power, but it was shattered and splintered along the coasts of Ireland, Scotland, and Scandinavia by the hand of an omnipotent God in answer to national prayer.

In the days when the Covenanters were being persecuted, a company were pursued and their strength was almost gone, when the leader prayed, "Twine about the hill, O Lord, and cast the lap of Thy cloak over puir Saunders and these puir things." Before he had done speaking a Scotch mist enveloped them, and the devoted little band were hid from their pursuers, and delivered. "While they are yet speaking, I will hear."

I can never forget that time of unanimous prayer in England when, in 1871, the Prince of Wales lay ap-

parently dying of typhoid fever. Crowds thronged around the post-offices of the country where bulletins were placed announcing the condition of the royal patient. Worse and worse the case became, until the official bulletins declared that he could not live three hours longer. Meanwhile the whole nation prayed. The Queen in her palace poured out her mother-heart to God, and in every home, school, church, factory, mine, and office prayers were ascending to God. God heard the nation on its knees. After the greatest physicians in the world had pronounced the case hopeless, prayer availed, and the heir to the throne of England was brought back from the valley of the shadow of death.

Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, Alfred the Great of England, Charles Martel, who destroyed Mohammedan power in Europe, and his mighty grandson, Charlemagne, all believed that only as a nation prayed could it advance in civilization, art, and nobility of character.

Oliver Cromwell, the great protector, believed that only by prayer could his lifework be accomplished.

John Knox remained hours together on his knees burdened by the cry, "Scotland for Christ." When jails were crowded, when the fires of Smithfield were lit, when Protestants were being hunted like partridges on the mountains, and the whole land was one scene of desolation and darkness, Knox, after one of those seasons of prolonged prayer, sprang to his feet crying, "Deliverance has come!" He knew his prayer was answered. There were no telegraphs or trains in those days. It took many days for news to travel from London to Edinburgh, but as fast as the messenger could ride the message came. Just at the moment when Knox rose from his knees with the assurance that his

prayer had been heard, Queen Mary died, and deliverance from persecution had come.

Sir Robert Peel, the great English statesman, was found one day by a friend praying over a bundle of papers. The friend apologized and was turning away when Peel called him back and said, "You have not disturbed me. These are not my private, but my public, devotions. I was just giving the affairs of state into the hands of God, for without Him I am not sufficient for their management."

William Ewart Gladstone, one of the greatest prime ministers that England ever possessed, believed in prayer, and attributed his successful career as a statesman to its efficacy and power.

America was discovered in answer to prayer. Before Columbus and his one hundred and twenty men set sail they partook of the Sacrament; when they caught their first glimpse of this country they sang *Gloria in excelsis;* when they stepped from the ship's deck to the solid ground they knelt and consecrated the new world to God.

When the Huguenots first landed in the Carolinas they joined at once in services of praise to God for answering their prayers and giving them a home in a land of freedom.

The Holland refugees did the same thing when they landed in New York, and the Pilgrim Fathers! How familiar is the picture! On bended knee, with uplifted face, with souls upborne on the wings of faith and prayer, taking possession of this continent for God.

The Constitution of the United States, a document that for literary excellence and far-reaching results is

scarcely equaled in the whole range of literature, was the outcome of prayer. Benjamin Franklin submitted a resolution to the Convention of 1787 providing that the deliberations be opened every day by prayer for providential direction in framing the Constitution. Franklin's speech on that occasion deserves quotation. "In the beginning of the contest with Great Britain," he said, "when we were sensible of danger, we had daily prayer in this room for divine protection. Our prayers, Sir, were heard, and they were graciously answered. All of us who were engaged in the struggle must have observed frequent instances of a superintending Providence in our favor. To that kind Providence we owe this happy opportunity of consulting in peace on the means of establishing our future national felicity. And have we now forgotten that powerful Friend? Or do we imagine that we no longer need His assistance? I have lived, Sir, for a long time, and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth—that God governs in the affairs of men."

Governor Hardin, of Missouri, in 1875, that terrible year of devastation by grasshoppers and drought, that scourged the Middle West, issued a proclamation calling for a day of fasting and prayer. It was held on June 3rd. The next day it began raining, and in such volume that the earth became throughly saturated, and on the 11th of June it was officially announced that the grasshoppers had disappeared from the State.

In 1901 Governor Dockery of the same State made a similar proclamation, under similar circumstances. A day of prayer was universally observed, and that day was the driest, hottest, most intensely unpromising of a long droughty season. It seemed to be contemptu-

ously mocking the prayer efforts of the people, but in a few short days the rain came down, and they knew how true it was that God answers earnest, believing prayer.

In the same year, 1901, Governor Savage of Nebraska requested the people of that State to observe Friday, July 26th, as a day of prayer for rain. The forenoon of the day was cloudless, hot, dry, and without the slightest appearance of rain, but in the afternoon clouds swept over the sky and burst in most refreshing showers upon the drought-stricken land.

There have been occasions where national, international, and universal prayer has appeared to be unanswered. The same hindrances and obstructions, no doubt, could be traced, did we trouble to make the search, as we find in individual lives. "Ye ask and ye receive not because ye ask amiss." The records of history, however, contain so many instances similar to those I have mentioned as to make certain beyond all doubt that when collective prayers are offered to God, that fulfil the conditions as laid down by Jesus Christ, there need never be the slightest doubt about the answer. The God that heard the prayers of Elijah on Mount Carmel still lives and rules, and is as eager to answer the petitions of His faithful people to-day as at any period of the world's history.

CHAPTER V

ANSWERED PRAYER

(c) In the Creation and Maintenance of Institutions

Is prayer worth while?

If you wanted to know whether steam, electricity, or a water-wheel, or a piano, or even a fly-swatter, was worth while, whom would you ask? People who had used these things or people who had never used them, or had used them improperly?

If you wanted to know whether a plow or a hay-harvester was worth while, whom would you ask? A farmer or a tailor?

One of the strangest things in connection with the consideration of prayer is the fact that the strongest criticisms, doubts, and objections have been raised by those who have never prayed, or have prayed improperly. I am going to bring before you the testimony of those who have been used of God in the bringing into existence, and maintaining for many years, certain religious and philanthropic institutions. In this work these people have relied entirely upon prayer, and their prayers have been based literally on the precepts laid down by Jesus Christ.

The foremost place among these workers must be given to George Mueller of Bristol, England, whose accomplishments in the maintenance of his huge orphanages have been the marvel of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. I regard George Mueller as the

most wonderful man of prayer the world has ever seen, with the single exception of Jesus Christ. This is a big thing to say, and it is all the more remarkable when we remember what kind of a character George Mueller bore when he was a mere boy. In my experience as Superintendent of the Bowery Mission, it has been my lot to listen to many appalling stories of juvenile criminality, but I have never heard of anything to compare with the wickedness of this boy. He was born in a little village in Germany, where his father was a collector of taxes. Before the age of ten he was a habitual thief. When he was fourteen years of age his mother died, and on that very morning he was found playing cards until two o'clock, and while his mother's dead body lay in the house, he continued drinking in the village tavern and, to the scandal of the villagers, staggered home to attend the funeral. Even after going to Halle University, he continued to live a life of gross immorality and wickedness. At sixteen he stole a large amount of money from his father; at seventeen he went on a spree in the city of Magdeburg, where, because of his nefarious practices, he was landed in prison. On coming out of prison he underwent a thirteen weeks' illness, and, as soon as he recovered, went off on his life of debauchery again. At twenty he forged his father's name to a check and went off on another spree. He was an utterly lost, depraved, degenerate youth.

Then at twenty years of age came his wonderful conversion. He was invited by a friend to a prayer-meeting at another friend's house, where he heard simple-minded people singing and praying, and where a printed sermon was read. This was the turning point in his life. He was made a new creature in Christ

Jesus. In his autobiography he states that, on his conversion, there was given to him a very simple, childlike, trustful mind. He read his Bible and accepted its teachings literally. This was especially true of the teachings of Jesus Christ. From the beginning he made up his mind to literally obey the commandments of the Master. This was especially true with regard to Christ's teachings on prayer, so he quickly formed the habit of taking the most minute things to God. From the time of his conversion, he never took a step without, after earnest prayer, being made sure that it was in accordance with the will of God. The possession of money he regarded in the light of a stewardship, and formed the following resolutions:

First—never to accept a salary;

Second—never to appeal to any human being for financial help;

Third—never to save money—"Sell all that thou hast, and give alms" was his motto;

Fourth—never to get into debt.

At the age of twenty-five he became pastor of a little church at Teignmouth, England, and two years afterward pastor of a church in Bristol.

It was here in the year 1834 that the burden of orphan children was laid upon his heart, and after finding out by prayer that it was the will of God he should proceed with this work, he rented a room and took in thirty children. During that first year he rented other three rooms, giving accommodation to one hundred and twenty children. The work went on without his ever making any appeal to any human being for help, simply praying for funds, and the funds being forthcoming.

In the year 1849 he became persuaded, through

prayer, that it was God's will he should further extend the work and build a Home to accommodate three hundred children. This, he found, would involve a cost of forty-five thousand dollars. In answer to prayer, the money came in, and the Home was opened. The work continued and developed until, in 1858, a second and a third Home were built, accommodating nine hundred and fifty children, and costing one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. Still the work and the demands increased, until in 1869 and 1870 a fourth and a fifth Home were opened, accommodating an additional eight hundred and fifty children at a cost of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He had now under his charge twenty-one hundred orphan children to whom he was pledged to raise, educate, and send out into the world, and this work was carried on until his death in 1898 without his ever having appealed to the public for a cent. In all, he took care of one hundred and twenty-two thousand children, at an annual cost of two hundred and thirty thousand dollars, and during his lifetime he raised for this work alone seven million dollars. He was never in a hurry, never worried, never took a step before he was perfectly sure that it had God's approval. Often, when a meal was served to this large family of children, there was not another scrap of food left in the house, or another cent left in the exchequer, but never, on any occasion, did the children go without food or the institution stop in its benevolent work for want of funds.

Mr. Mueller declared that every stone in the building had been put in by prayer, that every child had been reared and started off in life by means of prayer, that everything that had happened in his long life of

beneficence and blessing, nothing had occurred except in answer to prayer.

In these days, when it is often questioned as to whether an ideal, raised by Jesus Christ, is possible under present circumstances, it is well to remember that this man of God and man of prayer for sixty-five years proved that it could be done. Especially with regard to prayer ought his example be an inspiration to us, and as we think of him, we may know that if we "abide in Christ and His words abide in us, we can ask whatever we will, and it shall be done unto us."

What kind of an answer do you think George Mueller would have given if you had asked him the question, is prayer worth while?

Charles Haddon Spurgeon of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, of London, was a man of like faith and prayer. Mr. Spurgeon is regarded universally as one of the most effective preachers in the history of the Christian Church. For between thirty and forty years, he preached to twelve thousand people every Sabbath day. His sermons were printed and published broadcast throughout the world. It is probable, therefore, that his sermons reached a larger audience than that of any other man.

We often, however, overlook the fact that Mr. Spurgeon was just as remarkable for his habit of prayer as he was for his preaching. On his fiftieth birthday he was interviewed as to his confidence in the efficacy of prayer, and his reply was, "Answered prayer is not a matter of faith to me, but of knowledge and every-day experience. I am constantly witnessing the most unmistakable instances of answers to prayer. My whole life is made up of them. To me they are so familiar

as to cease to excite surprise; but to many they would seem marvelous, no doubt. Why, I could no more doubt the efficacy of prayer than I could explain the laws of gravitation. The one is as much a fact as the other, constantly verified every day of my life. Look at my Orphanage. To keep it going entails an expenditure of about fifty thousand dollars. Only seven thousand dollars is provided for by endowment. The balance comes to me regularly in answer to prayer. I do not know where I shall get it from day to day. I ask God for it and He sends it. Mr. Mueller of Bristol does the same on a far larger scale, and his experience is the same as mine. The constant inflow of funds—all of the funds necessary to carry on this work—is not stimulated by advertising, by begging letters, by canvassing, or any of the usual modes of raising the wind. We ask God for the cash and He sends it. That is a good, material fact, not to be explained away."

You can see, therefore, how Mr. Spurgeon would have answered the question, is prayer worth while?

Dwight L. Moody was a man of prayer. The great institutions founded by him at Northfield and Chicago were the results of earnest and protracted prayer. In his evangelistic work, both in Great Britain and America, Mr. Moody introduced a startling innovation in his method of conducting congregational prayer. His prayers, so different from the stately and ornate prayers of the Episcopal churches, and from the diffusive extemporary addresses of pulpit orators in other churches, were simply familiar but reverent talks with God the Father. I remember to this day that on the first occasion I heard Mr. Moody pray in public service I involuntarily opened my eyes to see whether or not

he was addressing some visible person. His prayer seemed so real.

In the carrying on of the work at the People's Church, the Bible Institute, and the work at Northfield, Mr. Moody went very much along the lines of Mueller and Spurgeon. His financial help came in largely, if not entirely, in answer to prayer.

During the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, Mr. Moody was one of the busiest of men. He was the center of the great evangelistic effort that was made at that time, and conducted meetings daily in the Auditorium. It came to pass on one occasion that he needed three thousand dollars for some particular department of his work. Things were very pressing, and his need very imperative. He was extremely short of time, so he simply knelt down by his desk in his room at the Bible Institute and prayed, "Lord, You know that I need three thousand dollars to-day,—that I must have it, and You know that I am too busy with Your work to go out and get it. Please send it to me. I thank You that You will. Amen."

Mr. Moody then rose, and went off to the Auditorium to preach. The audience had assembled, the platform was filled. A young woman, entering the place hurriedly, went to an usher and said, "I wish to see Mr. Moody." He said, "You cannot see Mr. Moody, the meeting is about to begin." She replied, "But I must see Mr. Moody." The usher again said, "You cannot see Mr. Moody." She went around to another aisle and tried another usher, with the same result. Then she hurried around to the stage entrance, found her way through, the usher thinking her one of the choir, worked her way down the front, and put an

envelope into Mr. Moody's hand. He crushed it into his vest pocket and went on with his meeting.

At dinner he remembered having received the letter at the meeting, took it out of his pocket, opened it, and found it to contain a check for three thousand dollars. This was the answer to his prayer. Afterward he learned that on that morning a Christian lady, who knew Mr. Moody, had said to herself, " These must be busy days for Mr. Moody. He must require a great deal of money," and she made out a check for one thousand dollars. After she had written it she thought that would not be sufficient, so she tore it up and made another check out for two thousand dollars. This still did not satisfy her, so she destroyed the check and wrote another for three thousand dollars, put it in an envelope, called her maid, and said, " Please put this in the mail box at once." Just as the maid was leaving the room she called her back saying, " He may not get it until to-morrow. Put on your things, run over to the Auditorium, and give it to Mr. Moody and no one else."

This was only one of many instances in Mr. Moody's life of answer to prayer, so that you cannot have any doubt as to what his opinion was as to the worth-whileness of prayer.

Hugh Price Hughes, the famous pastor of the West London Mission, with which it was my pleasure to be connected before coming to this country, was a man of prayer, and I shall never forget the lessons that he used to give us on this subject. The West London Mission was a great innovation in religious work in the English metropolis, and involved a huge annual expenditure of money. Mr. Hughes said of it, " It would seem

as though God could not trust us with any margin, so that we are always in want of money. Perhaps if we had a considerable balance in the bank, we should have put our trust in that instead of realizing every moment our absolute dependence on God. Like the children of Israel in the wilderness, we have had supplies of manna just sufficient for our need. Always in want, always tempted to be anxious, it has always happened at the last moment, when the case seemed absolutely desperate, that help has been forthcoming, sometimes from the most unexpected quarter."

On one occasion the situation was unusually alarming, so Mr. Hughes invited his principal colleagues to meet him at midnight, to save themselves from being interrupted, that they might pray for what they needed. This is how Mr. Hughes tells the story: "We spent some time, in the quietness of that late hour, imploring God to send us one thousand pounds for His work by a particular day. In the course of the meeting, one of our number burst forth in the rapturous expression of gratitude, as he was irresistibly convinced that our prayer was heard and would be answered. I confess I did not share his absolute confidence, and the absolute confidence of my wife and some others. I believed with trembling. I am afraid I could say nothing more than, 'Lord, I believe, help Thou my unbelief.' The appointed day came, I went to the meeting at which the sum total would be announced. It appeared that in a very short time, and in very extraordinary ways, ninety hundred and ninety pounds had been sent to the West London Mission. I confess that, as a theologian, I was perplexed. We had asked for one thousand pounds, there was a deficiency of ten pounds.

I could not understand it. I went home, trying to explain the discrepancy. As I entered my house and was engaged in taking off my hat and coat, I noticed a letter lying on the table in the hall. I remembered that it had been lying there when I went out, but I was in a great hurry and did not stop to open it. I took it up, opened it, and discovered that it contained a check for ten pounds for the West London Mission, bringing up the amount needed for that day to the exact sum we had named in our midnight prayer meeting. Of course, this may be described as a mere coincidence, but all we want is coincidences of this sort. The name is nothing, the fact is everything, and there have been many such facts."

There was a similar direct answer to prayer in Mr. Hughes' experience before he went to the West London Mission. It was while he was still a circuit minister and was engaged in an effort to build Sunday schools in the south of London. For this purpose a friend had promised him one hundred pounds if he could get nine hundred pounds more within a week. He did his utmost, and by desperate efforts, with the assistance of friends, they did get eight hundred pounds, but not a penny more. The terms of the promise were that unless the thousand pounds were procured that week, they could not proceed with the building scheme, and the entire enterprise might have been postponed for years, or perhaps never accomplished. On the last morning of the week, one of the principal church officers called on Mr. Hughes and said he had come upon quite extraordinary business. Let Mr. Hughes tell the story in his own language:

"A Christian woman in the neighborhood, whom I

did not know, of whom I had never heard, who had no connection whatever with my church, had that moment been lying awake in bed and an extraordinary impression had come to her that she was at once to give me one hundred pounds. She naturally resisted so extraordinary an impression, as a caprice or a delusion, but it refused to leave her; it became stronger and stronger until at last she was deeply convinced that it was the will of God. What made it more extraordinary was the fact that she had never before had, and would, in all probability, never again have one hundred pounds at her disposal for any such purpose, but that morning she sent me the money through my friend, who produced it in the form of crisp English bank notes. From that day until this I have no idea who she is, as she wished to conceal her name from me. Whether she is alive or in heaven, I cannot say; but what I do know is that this extraordinary answer to our prayers secured the rest of the money and led to the erection of one of the finest schools in London in which there are more than one thousand scholars to-day."

I admit that Mueller, Spurgeon, Moody, and Hughes were exceptionally fine types of Christian character, but I will not admit for one moment that, in their conception and use of prayer, they accomplished anything that is beyond the reach of every Christian believer. "Every one that asketh, receiveth." Principles involved here have been applied in the lives of thousands and tens of thousands of ordinary Christian workers, though perhaps not on such an extended scale.

CHAPTER VI

ANSWERED PRAYER

(d) In the Life and Work of the Churches

If I were the pastor of a modern church my supreme aim and constant prayer would be to have it a PRAYING CHURCH.

After a long experience as a church member and Christian worker I can see in prayer a panacea for all the troubles that worry a minister, damage the spiritual life of the people, and nullify the best laid plans a church may have for the blessing and uplifting of a community. Prayer—earnest, humble, simple, direct, persevering prayer—creates enthusiasm, courage, enterprise, zeal; it chases away ill-feeling, jealousy, indifference, stinginess, and worldliness.

All the great church pastors of modern days have realized this great truth.

Mr. Spurgeon, showing some visiting friend over the Metropolitan Tabernacle previous to a Sabbath evening service, was asked the question, how he managed to maintain the interest of the people in the work for such a long succession of years? He replied, "It is owing to my heating apparatus. Come, and I will show it to you." He took his friend to the door of the large lecture room in the basement of the Tabernacle, and quietly opening it, said, "There it is—my heating apparatus!" It was the Sabbath evening preparatory prayer meeting in which were gathered one thousand

persons to pray for God's blessing on the service which was to follow.

Beecher, Talmage, Cuyler, Conwell, Moody, all testified to the same thing.

Henry Ward Beecher, in an interview, spoke with great emphasis on the value and importance of a good weekly prayer meeting. He said, "A good prayer meeting is of slow growth. It is sometimes the result of years of patient work. Our prayer meeting at Plymouth Church, for the first five years of my labor, amounted to little; at the end of the next five years it did not amount to much. But then my work began to tell. I had to train up men in my idea of a prayer meeting." And it was worth the effort.

Some one has called the prayer meeting the lungs of the church—its respiratory organ. Without a continually breathing-in process any living thing will die. When a church's breathing apparatus is in good order there will be no doubt as to its life and power.

Certainly Christ has said to every individual member of the church, what He said to His disciples, "I chose you, and appointed you, that you should go and bear fruit, and that your fruit should abide: that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in My name, He may give it you" (John 14:16).

How beautifully forceful is His language, showing so clearly the action and re-action of prayer and fruitfulness. Prayer (abiding in Christ) brings fruitfulness, and fruitfulness, in turn, brings the assurance of answer to prayer. "That whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in My name, He may give it you."

Dr. Cuyler declared that "a full, warm, devout prayer meeting bespeaks a healthy church," and Dr.

A. T. Pierson, when pastor of Bethany Church, of Philadelphia, insisted upon the attendance at prayer meeting as a means of creating and maintaining intellectual and spiritual impulse.

There is absolutely no limit to what a church may accomplish along spiritual lines by prayer. The awakening of a community to a sense of sin and a need of God, and to an apprehension of God's plans and purposes of salvation, need never, however forbidding the circumstances may appear, be considered an impossibility.

The Rev. Samuel Chadwick, a brave, devoted Methodist Mission superintendent in England, writes: "It is many years since I was first confronted with the problem of bringing the outsider to the house of God. I grew desperate at the lack of results from my preaching. My resources failed, and I was driven back upon God. A few kindred souls leagued themselves in a covenant of prayer for a revival of God's work and salvation of men. We prayed that the Lord would send us a Lazarus—a man so dead and buried in sin that his wickedness had become offensively notorious and hopelessly bad. With unwearying monotony we prayed to the Lord to save the worst sinner in the town. And He did! The man came of his own accord, and volunteered to sign the pledge. He was a dreadful character. Everybody knew him; nobody ever expected he would be any better. So far as he knew, he had never been at a religious service, except in jail. He was the terror of the neighborhood, and did most extraordinary things out of sheer devilry. On one occasion he had his hands tied behind him, and, for a wager, fought a ferocious bulldog with his teeth. When he had signed the pledge

we wanted to pray with him, but he said, "Not this time; one thing at once." But we prayed hard for him. A fortnight later he was brought to the service, and our hearts nearly stood still when we saw the big, rough fellow, in his working clothes, walk down the aisle and fling himself on his knees at the communion rail. He was gloriously saved. Next morning he told all his workmates what had happened. Then men who, before his conversion, dared not have spoken a cross word to him persecuted him most cruelly. The news of his conversion spread like wild-fire. Hundreds came to church to see the man Christ had "raised from the dead." When it was announced that this man would tell the story of his conversion, they flocked from far and near to hear his testimony. We had been trying for months to fill the church, without success, but when this Lazarus stood up to speak of the things of God it was impossible to get near the place for the crowd. Hundreds were converted through that one witness. For years he was a standing proof of God's power, and died triumphant in the faith."

The *Sunday School Times* recently related the story of a Korean pastor, in charge of the Pyeng Yang church, who had a weekly prayer meeting of over a thousand people for over three years, and who even then felt his church was growing cold and a bit indifferent. So each morning at four he went to church to pray till six. A few of his members observed what he was doing and joined him. On Sunday morning the pastor told his people what he was doing, and asked any who wished to join him to do so. Monday morning over a hundred were present and by Saturday nearly six hundred, many of them busy business men—

and yet they gladly spent the time from four to six each morning in prayer. The next month more than three thousand souls were added to the Pyeng Yang churches.

Why cannot the churches of to-day realize this great fact? Prayer—earnest, steadfast, and believing prayer—on the right lines, and in the right spirit, is invariably and inevitably followed by revival.

Surely Dr. Torrey ought to know. He has been engaged in some of the greatest evangelistic movements in every quarter of the globe that the world has ever seen, and his efforts have been wonderfully owned of God. It would pay the churches to set aside this man of God, place him at the head of a University of Prayer, consecrate him as a specialist on this subject, and let every divinity student take a course under his direction.

Dr. Torrey says, "I have a theory, and I believe it to be true, that there is not a church, or chapel, or mission on earth where you cannot have a revival, provided there is a little nucleus of faithful people who are holding *onto* God till it comes."

He tells how a lady in Melbourne, Australia, reading his valuable little book *How to Pray,* was greatly impressed by one sentence of two short words, "Pray through." It took a great hold upon her, and she began to organize prayer circles all over Melbourne. Before Dr. Torrey and his party reached Melbourne there were one thousand seven hundred prayer circles a week being held, and the wonderful success of the mission was attributed by the workers to the preparatory work done in these prayer circles.

John Livingston, of Scotland, once spent a whole

night in prayer, with a company of his brethren, and the next day, under his sermon, five hundred souls were saved.

That dramatic scene in Enfield, Mass., after Jonathan Edwards preached his sermon on "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," when his terrified auditors clung to the pillars of the church to prevent themselves falling, as they imagined, backward into hell, was as much due to the fact that a mighty unction was resting upon the populace of Enfield because of an all-night prayer meeting held by a number of Christian people, as it was to the power of the preacher.

The marvelous work of grace among the Indians under Brainerd was due to the days and nights that heroic soul spent in prayer.

That great religious awakening that swept over the United States in 1857, which was said to be the greatest revival since Pentecost, had its origin in the meeting together of a few business men, in the old Dutch Church in Fulton Street, under the call of Jeremiah Calvin Lanphier, for prayer. He was there alone for half an hour. Then five other persons came in. But they were men of prayer, and their prayers shook the continent.

The revival under Charles G. Finney in Rochester, N. Y., said by Dr. Lyman Beecher to have been the greatest revival in the Christian era, began in "that long day of agony and prayer at sea" which Finney himself describes in his autobiography. "I have regarded all that I have since been able to accomplish as, in a very important sense, an answer to the prayers of that day."

In the wonderful Welsh revival in 1905, nothing was

more noticeable than that it was one prolonged prayer meeting. There was very little preaching. It was, as Dr. Campbell Morgan, who attended several meetings in Wales, said: "If you ask me the meaning of the Welsh revival I say it is Pentecost continued." Prayer, prayer, prayer from beginning to end. Singing, yes, but in the spirit of prayer. Testimony, yes, but as to the power of prayer. Without leaders, without preachers, without system or ecclesiastical machinery, without even apparent order, the work went on until in five weeks twenty thousand names were added to the churches.

Ask Billy Sunday and his co-workers what is the great essential element in their success in moving cities and States, and transforming, not merely individuals, but whole communities, and they will tell you that everything depends upon those preparatory prayer circles that are formed, one circle for every block, long weeks before the great evangelist arrives.

Dr. Cuyler once declared: "During all my own long ministry, nearly every work of grace had a small beginning." That beginning is always found to be in prayer.

"Every one that asketh receiveth." "Despise not the day of small things." Some of the mightiest prayers that have ever been offered have come from ordinary commonplace, and sometimes very illiterate, people.

If I were asked as to whom I considered to be the most wonderful man of prayer I have ever known, I would have to tell you of a little, bow-legged coal miner in the north of England, who was my Sunday school teacher when I was a boy. He was uneducated, and

had an impediment in his speech, except when he prayed. Then he had an eloquence and power that I have known no other man to possess.

When Dr. Talmage preached in the Brooklyn Academy of Music in 1875 he was much distressed at the scarcity of conversions. The audiences crowded the great building and were respectful and attentive, but there were no results. He thought and prayed much about the situation, and was led to invite five of the oldest members of his church to his house one evening. They came, not knowing why they were invited. They were taken to the top room of the house. Then the Doctor said to them: "I have called you here for special prayer. I am in an agony for a great turning to God of the people. Let us kneel down and each one pray, and not leave this room until we are assured the blessing will come, and has come." It was a time of most intense crying unto God. That was Tuesday evening. It was agreed that not a word should be said about this, but that they should continue in prayer. On the following Friday night occurred the usual weekly prayer meeting. No one knew of what had occurred on the previous Tuesday night, but the meeting was unusually thronged. Men accustomed to pray in public in great composure broke down under stress of emotion. The people were in tears, and asked each other: "What does this mean?" When the following Sabbath came, although it was still the same secular meeting place, the Academy of Music, over four hundred arose for prayers, and a religious awakening occurred that made that winter memorable.

In the Rev. C. N. Broadhurst's book, *Wireless Messages,* a splendid collection of answered prayers, the

story is told of a good old lady in Vermont who, being distressed because of the closing of a weekly prayer meeting in a little red schoolhouse, on account of the smallness of attendance, and the bad winter weather, determined she would not let the prayer meeting die. So, on the usual Wednesday night, she lighted her lantern, opened the schoolhouse, kindled a fire, and, all alone, read a passage of Scripture, and spent an hour in earnest, fervent prayer for a revival of His work in that indifferent and backslidden neighborhood.

On returning home she found the weather so fierce and the snow so blinding that she sought shelter in the house of one of the leading members of the church.

He was surprised to see her out in such a night and inquired the cause.

"Oh," she replied, "I have been to prayer meeting."

"Prayer meeting," he said. "I thought it was discontinued."

"No," she said; "it will never be discontinued as long as I live and am able to get to the schoolhouse."

"Well, who was there?" he inquired.

"There were four of us," she said. "God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, and I. We had a glorious time, and intend to have another prayer meeting next Wednesday."

The news spread quickly around, and next Wednesday night found the schoolhouse filled to its utmost capacity. It was the beginning of a revival that swept over all the surrounding country, in which thousands of souls were saved.

"Every one that asketh receiveth." It was the prayers of a bedridden, shut-in, pain-racked, invalid woman in the north of London that started Dwight L.

Moody off on his wonderful career as a world-wide evangelist. Twisted and distorted by suffering, yet calm-faced and gentle-spirited, she had lain for many years unable to do anything else than pray. She had read in a paper of a man called Moody who in the early seventies of the last century was doing some work among the ragged children of Chicago. She put that paper under her pillow and prayed, "O Lord, send this man to our church."

How unlikely it seemed. She had no means of communicating with him, and if she had, it seemed to be the height of absurdity to expect him ever to come that great distance. But she continued to pray. All things were possible to God, and if this was in accordance with His will, it could be accomplished.

When in 1872 his church lay in ashes in Chicago he visited London. He was an unknown man at that time. Stepping into the noonday prayer meeting of the Y. M. C. A. in the Strand, he came in contact with a minister who asked him to preach at his church the following Sunday. In the morning service he felt terribly depressed because of the hardness and indifference of the congregation and regretted that he had promised to preach in the evening also.

After the morning service the sister of the invalid woman informed the suffering one that a Mr. Moody of Chicago had preached. The invalid turned paler even than usual. "If I had known," she said, "I would have taken no breakfast. I would have spent all the time in prayer. Send me no dinner. Leave me alone. Lock the door. Don't have me disturbed. I am going to spend the whole afternoon and evening in prayer."

At the evening service the building was packed. There was a new atmosphere. The powers of the unseen world seemed to have fallen upon the people. Five hundred gave themselves to God in the after meeting. A great revival broke out and thousands of souls were added to the churches of North London.

Oh, the wonderful power that is all-unconsciously being exerted on the world by unknown heroes and heroines, who have come to understand, and use the matchless power of prayer!

CHAPTER VII

ANSWERED PRAYER

(e) In the Bowery Mission

The Bowery Mission was opened on November 7, 1879. The Rev. A. G. Kuliffson, a devoted Presbyterian minister, seeing the terrible wickedness of the Bowery of that day, felt called to do his utmost to stem the torrent of iniquity that seemed to submerge all who came within the limits of the then infamous thoroughfare.

He sought the advice of a few friends, who immediately made the matter a subject of prayer.

On the date I have mentioned, the first meeting was held in a small room lighted with a few lamps. It was only a handful of Christians who were present, and the surrounding circumstances were of the most depressing and discouraging character, but their prayers were full of faith and deeply in earnest. They had for some time tried to get the use of the building at No. 36 Bowery, but when the purpose for which they required it was discovered, it was immediately refused. This little band of people prayed continuously until at last they were able to rent it, and the work became known as The Bowery Mission and Young Men's Home, or, "A Light in a Dark Place." It was the second Mission of the kind in the city, the first being that opened by Jerry McAuley in Water Street. Mr. Ruliffson was the leader, and Mr. J. W. Childs was appointed as associate leader and resident

manager of the Home, which position he occupied for several years. All the original workers have passed away, Mrs. Ruliffson and Fanny Crosby, the blind poetess, being the last to go. It was after spending a night at the Bowery Mission that Fanny Crosby wrote the song, " Rescue the Perishing," a poem that has become a classic in mission work. Miss Crosby was a regular visitor at the early anniversaries of the Mission, and generally composed a poem for the occasion.

From the very commencement, the work itself and the means by which it was sustained were all made the subject of continued and earnest prayer, and up to the present day that feature has always been conspicuous.

One of the earliest converts of the Mission was a drunken English sailor, who staggered into the little room thinking it was a music hall. His ship was then lying in the docks, and he, following the usual routine of sailors ashore, had been visiting the saloons and dives of the Bowery. He was so helplessly intoxicated that he was kept in the Mission all night, and as a result he was clearly and happily converted to Christ.

This man, John Parkinson, rejoicing in the fact of his salvation, preached the gospel wherever he went, and on one occasion, while his ship was waiting at Smyrna, Asia Minor, he attended a gospel meeting, and was induced by the leaders to consecrate his life as a missionary to sailors constantly arriving at that seaport. He was a man of earnest prayer, and the far-reaching effects of his work and prayers are seen in two remarkable happenings. The first is that some time after his appointment to the Mission in Smyrna, a young Armenian, a Christian student, on his journey from Turkey to America, called on him and received

from him a letter of introduction to the Bowery Mission. This young Armenian arrived in New York an entire stranger, almost without means, and with a very imperfect knowledge of the English language, and very lonesome. He was received by Mr. Childs, lodged for two months in the Bowery Mission, and gave his first testimony in English from the Mission platform. Through a friend he met at the Mission, he was admitted as a student at the Union Theological Seminary, given a scholarship, and graduated, after three years, with special honors. He had become a member of a Bible class in an uptown church. His teacher, a millionaire, becoming deeply interested in his Armenian pupil, offered to aid him in establishing an institution in Tarsus, Asia Minor, in memory of the Apostle St. Paul, and provided a permanent endowment for its financial support. The large success of this effort has led the way to the opening of other schools and Christian enterprises in the Turkish Empire, under the care of the same Armenian, the Rev. H. S. Jenanyan. They are now widely known as the "Asia Minor Apostolic Institute."

The other event connected with John Parkinson's prayers was a visit paid to him in his Mission in Smyrna by the late Rev. Dr. DeWitt Talmage, in company with the late Dr. Louis Klopsch. Dr. and Mrs. Talmage and Dr. and Mrs. Klopsch had been visiting the Holy Land, and coming down the Mediterranean, they called at the port of Smyrna, and were met there by Mr. Parkinson, who asked them to visit the Mission of which he had taken charge. They did so, and Dr. Talmage and Dr. Klopsch both spoke to those assembled, then Parkinson told his story, of how eight years

previous he, a poor, besotted drunk, had been converted in the Bowery Mission. It was a startling and pathetic story, and made a deep impression on the visitors.

On returning home to New York, Dr. Klopsch found that the Bowery Mission was struggling in deep waters, financially. He visited the Mission, assured himself of the splendid work it was doing, and promptly assumed the responsibility for its support.

This was all in answer to prayer, and this stream of gracious influence formed a blessed confluence with another stream, coming from another direction, also the result of prayer, which brought Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, the famous "Mother" of the Bowery, on the scene as a co-worker with Dr. Klopsch.

Mrs. Bird, for many years, was one of the most enthusiastic workers of Plymouth Church, under Henry Ward Beecher. On the death of her husband, Mr. Thomas H. Bird, she was led, after much earnest prayer, to devote the remainder of her life to the work of helping homeless men, and naturally she moved in the direction of the Bowery of New York City. She rented a room in Madison Street, and for some time she was in the habit of meeting once or twice a week in a religious service a crowd of the most hopeless-looking characters that the city could produce. Her efforts here were very much hindered by her surroundings, and it was while she was seeking for some more appropriate place that her thoughts were directed to the Bowery Mission just at the time that Dr. Klopsch was assuming responsibility there. Mrs. Bird at once undertook the payment of part of the expenses, in consideration of being allowed to hold two meetings a week at the Mission.

From the commencement of Mrs. Bird's work at the Bowery Mission, there were two things that made for the abounding success of her work. First, her tender, loving sympathy with men, and secondly, her firm belief in the efficacy of prayer. No man who ever came into her presence, however depraved, or drunken, or unclean, or hopeless, or despairing, but was made clearly to feel that he was not beyond the reach of a loving God if only he would pray. Thousands of times this gracious and gifted woman has been seen kneeling beside the most deplorable specimens of manhood, praying earnestly for their salvation, and when the final records are made known, it will be found, without any doubt, how wonderfully her prayers have availed.

In the early days of her work, surrounded by a small group of her devoted coadjutors, Mrs. Bird could be found kneeling on the floor of some cheap lodging house, or in some vicious dive like Suicide Hall, praying for the abandoned men or women, whose salvation she was seeking.

One of the most famous of her trophies was Victor Hugo Benke, the famous volunteer organist. He was a young scapegrace German who had, since his father's death, lived a dissipated life until at last he was found, a confirmed tramp, in the Bowery of New York City. One Sunday morning, having slept nightly for three weeks in a lumber yard on the East Side, he sat upon a park bench, hungry and tired, when he was noticed by a fellow German who took him to Mrs. Bird's meeting in the Bowery Mission, in order that he might obtain a sandwich and cup of coffee that was provided after the meeting was over. Mrs. Bird was disap-

pointed in her piano player that morning, and when the crowd of five hundred men tried to sing, the singing was a dismal failure. She tried them several times, and at last asked, "Is there any one here who will volunteer to help us out?" Then came a pause, followed by a movement in one of the distant seats, then, amid many smiles of wonderment and curiosity, this hungry, dirty, uncouth, ragged tramp, with unclean face and a wealth of uncombed, unruly black hair, strolled down the aisle and seated himself at the piano. The tune book was placed before him, and with a crash his fingers fell upon the keys of the first hymn, then a new light flashed from his dark eyes; he was no longer the miserable, hopeless tramp; he had suddenly been transported into another world, for it was a musical genius that had been rescued from the filth of the gutter. Strange music came from the old piano that Sunday morning, it was the sweetest music that room had ever heard; the hymns and choruses were blended in such wondrous harmony with the rough voices of the men, such power throbbed through the subtone of the stranger's accompaniment, such pathos dwelt on his sad, upturned face, that the inspiration of that memorable morning will never be forgotten by those who were present.

After the meeting Mother Bird gave the musical tramp fifty cents, and thanked him warmly, then she knelt down by his side and prayed with him, and the influence of that prayer never left him. He used to say afterward that he heard the first kind word from Mrs. Bird that morning that he had heard since his mother died.

He wandered off again through sheer force of habit,

but could not remain away from New York City. He could not forget the kindly face and the warm handshake of that gracious woman, and especially did the words of her prayer ring in his ears. He went back again to the Mission in the course of a few weeks, and became a converted man. From that time, until the time of his death, ten years afterward, he was the most assiduous worker in the Bowery Mission. He became the organist of the Mission. He was the means of obtaining the beautiful pipe organ from the Marquard Chapel of Princeton University, which is still such a valuable aid in the services of the Mission. He composed hundreds of Gospel songs, which are now sung all the world over. He became a leader of the Mission and associate leader of the Fulton Street prayer meeting. He gave an organ recital every night to the men of the Bowery, and crowds of them flocked to hear him. He was in great demand for organ recitals in many of the big churches in the East. He always acted as organist for Mr. Moody in his visits to the city, but above everything else, Benke was a man of prayer.

The only surviving convert of the early days of the Mission is Mr. Charles H. Thompson, who, having nearly thirty years ago lost all his money in the gambling dens of the Bowery, one night turned into the Mission and was converted. He has many interesting stories to tell of the early days, but among them none is more remarkable than a beautiful answer to prayer that came to him and a few other Mission workers, who, one night, attempted to hold a meeting in a dive at the corner of Mulberry Bend. The basement of the dive was crowded with men and women in all

stages of drunkenness, when the little band approached, and commenced a meeting on the curb outside. They had just announced their first hymn when the enraged saloonkeeper came and threatened to have the police called to drive them from the spot. They pleaded with him to allow them to continue the meeting, but he was inexorable, and in the most profane language threatened them with dire consequences if they dared to remain there. The little group drew closer together, and, uncovering their heads, they prayed earnestly to God for guidance. At the close of their prayer, the impression seemed to have been simultaneously made on the mind of each person that they must not only remain and have their meeting, but that they must go down into the basement and hold it there. With great trembling, but in full assurance that they were doing God's will, they descended the steps into the vile place. It seemed as though it were a crowd of defenseless lambs going into the lair of ferocious wolves. But down they went, and in a few moments knelt in prayer upon the sawdust floor. The Presence of the Lord was with them. Instead of having glasses and bottles shied at their heads, as they feared, the whole bacchanalian crowd was awed into silence, and when they rose from their knees the saloonkeeper was waiting for them, to say, "Friends, you may have your meeting. I reckon I am beaten. Go ahead!"

I remember, in the early days of my superintendency, I was led to introduce to our workers and converts Andrew Murray's book, *With Christ in the School of Prayer,* and for the whole of one winter we spent one night weekly going through that beautiful course of lessons. Probably the most instructive and inspiring sub-

ject that came to our notice was the chapter, "Pray ye the Lord of the Harvest," in which Andrew Murray makes so clear the fact that the labor supplied in the world's great harvest field depends on prayer, and that the Lord of the harvest will, in answer to prayer, send forth laborers as they are needed, and that without this prayer fields ready for reaping will be left to perish. Nothing could more aptly illustrate the value of prayer in the work of the Bowery Mission during the last twenty years than this teaching. Not only in the facts already given concerning the early days of the Mission, but ever since, in almost every year and every season, has this promise of the Master been fulfilled.

On my assuming the superintendency in 1899, I realized at once the necessity for having a home in which could be gathered the converts, and in which they could be kept within a congenial and strengthening atmosphere until their spiritual life had developed sufficiently for them to go out into the world and fight their own battles. The Mission was at that time burdened by a heavy debt, the accumulation of many years, and it was absolutely impossible, out of the ordinary funds of the Mission, to undertake anything new. All we could do was to pray about it. And pray we did.

A gentleman who lived in the same suburban town as I did, at that time, had the great misfortune to lose his wife. He was an earnest, Christian man, and in the terrible lonesomeness that came over him in his bereavement, he felt he must plunge into some fresh activity in the church, and so have his mind diverted from his grief. Although I knew him but slightly, he sent for me, and said, "Hallimond, this is an awful

thing that has come to me. I must get busy, I must get some new work, I must do something to help other suffering men; is there anything you can give me to do?" He was well-to-do, so I submitted to him the plan we have had in our minds for a Christian home for Mission converts. He at once fell in with it, and, together with other friends, he opened a Memorial House in East Broadway, which, for many years, was carried on as an adjunct of the Bowery Mission, and did a splendid work exactly along the lines we had hoped for. On coming to our beautiful new premises, where we now are, at 227 Bowery, this home was discontinued, and merged into the Winner's Club, which exists to-day.

We had for many years thought and prayed about some method for conserving the work done in our meetings. A Bowery congregation is such a crowd of transients. Men pass on so quickly, and we never see them again. What we needed was something that would bind them together in some firm and loving bond, from the moment they declared themselves as Christians. Many a prayer did we offer on this subject. Indeed, a meeting of our workers was never held but this was uppermost in our thoughts, and in our private devotions many of us prayed with eager hearts for light upon the subject.

One memorable Sunday morning, June 30, 1907, the prayer was answered. We scarcely knew it at the time, but it has all been made clear to us since. It came so silently and naturally, like the rising of the sun or the falling of the dew, without any noisy announcement or advertised clamor, but it was an answer to our prayer all the same. I had been speaking on the subject of Brotherhood. It was the Sunday previous to

Independence Day. As I finished my address, I stepped down from the platform without thinking much what I was doing, and asked if there was any man present who felt the need of a brother; if so, and he would come forward, I would shake his hand and pledge myself to become a brother to him. Some twenty men came forward. I met them after the meeting and agreed to meet them again in the evening. I took their names, and each man turned up at the evening appointment, where we once more pledged our brotherly allegiance to each other. Events had taken such a happy and delightful turn that we agreed to meet each other the following night, and a few more names were added. That was the beginning of the *Bowery Mission Brotherhood* nine years ago, and since that time never a night has passed without the members of that Brotherhood meeting together before our regular evening meeting. Various changes have taken place since then, the obligations are somewhat sterner than what they were, but never anything has happened in the history of the Bowery Mission that has so affected the work as the creation of the Brotherhood, which came in answer to prayer. There are now 27,961 members who are scattered over the face of the globe, most of them are carrying their cards of membership in their pockets, and they know that they are forever the subject of the prayers of their brethren at the center.

"Pray ye the Lord of the Harvest, and He will send laborers into the Vineyard." When Benke, the organist, died, we felt his place could never be refilled, but after a little testing of our faith in prayer, the Lord of the Harvest sent Charles Balevre, who has filled Benke's place ever since. When a manager was needed

for the Memorial House, the Lord of the Harvest provided Mr. Fred Card, a man of genial nature, sunny disposition, strong courage, abundant faith in men, who did splendid work until God called him home. After Mr. Card came Mr. James T. Hunt, who has, for some years, been Business Manager of the Mission. His was a wonderful conversion ripening out into an abundantly useful life. On the death of our famous President, Dr. Louis Klopsch, in 1910, we trembled for the future. Probably some of us lost faith and courage for a time, the blow was so severe; his place was difficult to fill; he had been so strong, and wise, and kind, we felt we could never look upon his like again, but as the years have passed, we have felt that God has more than made up to us for the loss of that gifted man. His widow, Mrs. Klopsch, and his successors in the management of the *Christian Herald,* Mr. Otto Koenig, the President, Dr. George H. Sandison, the Editor, who became interested in the Bowery Mission at the same time as Dr. Klopsch, and its Secretary, Mr. Theodore Waters, have been simply unceasing in their efforts to further the work. Mrs. Bird passed away in April, 1914, and again we felt a gap had been made that could never be filled, but instead of feeling the grief of a bereavement, we have been more conscious of Mrs. Bird's presence in our midst since her departure than even when she sat upon our platform. When her will was read, it was found that she had left the means whereby one of the most needed appliances for furthering the social and industrial work of the Mission could be supplied, namely, the farm, which now exists on the Heights of Yorktown, above the Croton Lakes.

In addition to the farm at Yorktown Heights, the

Bowery Mission possesses another remarkably effective adjunct in the Labor Settlement at Tuckahoe, N. Y., where some thirty men are accommodated, and in return for their labor in odd jobs of various kinds, are given board, lodging, clothing, and a fresh start in life in good physical, mental, and spiritual condition. A work of the most far-reaching and beneficial kind has been done during the five years that the Settlement has been in existence.

So much depends on the value of such institutions on the man at the head that we have always regarded the appointment of a Superintendent to such a place as a matter requiring the most fervent and earnest prayers. Had we sought throughout Christendom for men to place at the head of these two establishments, we could not have found two more appropriate or better qualified men than Mr. Thomas W. Poindexter, C. E., Supervisor of the farm, and Mr. J. Fred Roper, Manager of the Settlement.

Mr. Poindexter is a young, vigorous civil engineer, who was engaged to survey the farm and conclude the boundary agreements when the title of the property was taken. He became so much interested in the project we had in view that after the opening he became a regular visitor, and finally all these visits resulted in his being appointed manager. He is a devout Christian, a splendid farmer and engineer, a man of genial disposition with great faith in man, and an absolute belief in the efficacy of prayer.

Mr. Roper is a convert of the Mission. He came to the service in a hopeless condition, having lost his friends, position, and character. He was the subject of the prayers of an old lady who had known him from

his boyhood, in an upstate town. While others had cast him from outside the pale of their friendship, she held on to him in the firm belief that God would answer prayer and make a man of him again. Her prayers were answered, when he joined our Brotherhood and gave himself up to God. His life since that time has been clean, upright, and useful, and there is no man within the circle of the Mission workers who is more highly respected or honored than he. He is an able mechanic, understands men, especially such men as he has to deal with, and is always wise and kindly in his treatment of them.

The Story of Simon Trenwith

When I became Superintendent of the Bowery Mission in 1899 a very considerable deficit in the finances of the institution encumbered and crippled the work. In distinct answer to prayer this distressing obstacle was removed, and in relating the circumstances I feel constrained to tell the story of Simon Trenwith.

It is the story of a young life broken and marred by evil association and habit; of a father's gray hairs brought with sorrow to the grave; of a mother's deathless love and ceaseless prayer; of a "brand plucked from the burning"; of a five years' life of strenuous struggle, glorious triumph, and abounding usefulness at the grand old Mission where he found Christ, or where Christ found him, in circumstances of utter despair.

During a long and varied experience in Christian work, I have never known a more tireless and conscientious worker than Simon Trenwith. "Whatsoever his hand found to do," he did it "with all his might." He began to work for others the very night

that he, a poor, tired, hungry, homeless wanderer, found the light himself. He kept it up with undiminished zeal for five years, until flesh and blood failed him, and he had to be carried from his office to his home, and thence to the hospital, where, for four months, he suffered excruciating agony.

Then, with the death shadows gathering on his face, borne along by the same indomitable will that had sustained him through the five years of Christian struggle and toil, he took the long journey across the seas, to the home of his boyhood, and died in his mother's arms in Dublin, Ireland. His life-story is one of intense interest and of saving hopefulness for even the most hopeless.

Mr. Trenwith was born in the city of Cork, Ireland, and at the age of fifteen was apprenticed to a dispensing chemist. His home life was of the most helpful kind, his father, mother, brother, and sister all being Christians of the most delightful type. Strange, beyond expression, that, with every possible holy influence roundabout him as a safeguard, he should wander into the paths of sin. But it was so. Evil companions led him away, and bad and dangerous habits took hold of him, and when he left home to take new positions in Limerick, Waterford, and Dublin, and especially when, in the city of London, England, he became surrounded by temptations which seemed especially to beset medical students, these habits had obtained complete mastery over him. Drink, debauchery, and debt were the three devils that dogged his footsteps for several years.

Through all those years, though the burden was too great for the loving father, who went in sorrow to his grave, the mother and sister never ceased to pray for

the recovery of the prodigal, and a loving brother tried to help him by paying all his debts, at last providing him with passage to America, where they all hoped he would begin life anew.

A new life it certainly was, but it did not open out as they imagined. There was still a dark Gethsemane night to intervene before the dawning came. No sooner had he arrived in New York City than the old appetite asserted itself. He entered a saloon and called for a drink, strange men drew near and claimed his friendship, then, suddenly, there fell upon him absolute unconsciousness. When he came to himself he had been robbed of everything of value he possessed. His drink had been drugged by the fiends in human form with whom he had fraternized in the saloon. They had taken his money, his watch, and his clothes, containing his letters of introduction, and they had flung him into a partly erected building on one of the East Side streets.

His condition was pitiable beyond expression. A stranger in a strange land, without the means of procuring a single particle of food, not having a friend to whom he could turn, no roof to cover him, no bed to sleep in, no prospect of employment, only half clad, not knowing how to beg, not even daring to show himself in the respectable parts of the city; this was the heart-rending experience through which he passed for six long weeks.

He used to tell us in his testimonies at the Mission with choking voice, and with tears streaming down his face, that often when he ventured, in the dusk of twilight, into the residential parts of the city and saw the lights in comfortable homes, he thought of his own

happy home, and of his tender-hearted mother, and was driven almost mad. Every day matters became worse. He grew weaker for want of food and proper rest, for a bench in one of the parks was his sleeping-place every night.

One night, which he thought, and hoped, would be his last on earth, he wandered aimlessly down the Bowery. It was the first time he had been in that locality. The doors of the brilliantly lighted Mission were standing open, and through them rolled the tones of the great organ, which, under the masterful and tender touch of Victor Benke, had lured many other prodigals into the Mission. Trenwith heard, and looking up, saw the white letters on the window, "Come in. Welcome," and, accepting the invitation, he entered.

Ah, mother's prayers, how wonderful they are! In the far-away home they had never ceased to rise; often through storms of tears, often uttered in a deeper than Egyptian darkness; often with a well-nigh broken heart, and in a sore-tried but all-victorious faith; and now the answer was about to come.

Tired as he was, he listened with the most acute earnestness to the testimonies of men who had been saved from a similar evil fate. Hope sprung up within him. The sweet remembrance of his mother and her prayers swept over him like a genial breath of springtime, and from his poor broken heart there came a cry of penitential agony and appeal, "Lord, save me, or I perish." The prayer was answered, and that night Simon Trenwith slept as peacefully as when an innocent child in his mother's arms.

The sad, dejected look disappeared from his eyes,

and in them shone a new and hopeful light. The next night he gave abundant outward evidence of the inward spiritual change that had taken place. No wonder that the poor fellow sobbed and shook, for his whole nervous system was in a condition of utter prostration. But his tears relieved him, and when he left the Mission it was not only with an air of peace and contentment, but with a look of grim, dead-set determination to face the fight he knew must follow.

A bitter fight it was. For twelve months he struggled to get his foot even on the lowest round of the social ladder. Although totally unused to manual labor, he never hesitated to accept any kind of honorable employment. Scrubbing floors, washing dishes, delivering books, canvassing, and other menial and trying positions came his way, and in every case he discharged the duties that fell to his lot with the utmost conscientiousness.

From the night of his conversion he was scarcely ever missing from the evening meetings. Rarely has the Mission possessed such an indefatigable worker. By and by he became a leader, then Secretary to the Rescue League. In every capacity he displayed the utmost enthusiasm, but nowhere more than in the nightly after-meetings, leading poor, lost men to the Saviour who had so wonderfully rescued and transformed him.

In 1904 Dr. Klopsch appointed him as Financial Secretary, a position in which he took the most painstaking delight, and in which he accomplished the most unequivocal success.

I was, of course, intensely interested in his efforts, and was in daily, almost hourly, touch with him. I know how he agonized over the question of the Mission

debt. I know also how constant he was in his prayers for divine guidance and help. Many a time in the early hours of the morning would he come to my house to consult and pray with me about it. Even more often would he walk home with me after a protracted evening meeting for the same purpose, while each day every moment was taken up with assiduous work in his office at the Bible House. In two years the great debt was cleared off, and the Mission funds sufficiently augmented to enable us to proceed with additional activities, such as the Bread Line, the Free Labor Bureau, and other things.

In the early part of 1906, however, it was evident to his immediate friends that his physical strength was giving way. He toiled on bravely, intensely absorbed in his work, until the month of February, when he was completely incapacitated by an excruciating attack of neuritis, which obliged him to relinquish his work and to be taken to a hospital. Here he suffered untold agonies for many months, but rallying a little, he managed in June to cross the Atlantic, and was able once more to look into his mother's face.

It was a strange, weird, pathetic home-coming. It was only the poor, shattered wreck of a man that was borne in his stronger brother's arms from the boat to his home in Dublin, but there flamed out of those shrunken eyes the light of a deathless love. His yearning prayer was answered; "Home" and "Mother" were again a blessed reality to him. He was laid in his mother's bed; it was his mother that watched over him with sleepless eyes for the few days he lingered; he felt her gentle touch again upon his brow as he had often done when a child. Frequently he would feebly

reach his thin hand, take hold of hers, and say, as he looked lovingly at her, "My mother." Almost his last conscious words were, "There's no one like mother," and when he passed away, hers was the last human face he looked upon.

In the last hours, when he knew the end was very near, he asked that there should be placed upon his memorial card a verse of the hymn that was sung in the Bowery Mission almost every time he led a meeting:

Jesus redeemed and made me whole;
I can forget Him never.
Out of the depths He brought my soul,
Now I am His forever.

A Prayer on the Roof

In the early days of my superintendency, a tall young Irishman used to tell the story of his conversion in such a manner as to move his hearers to laughter or to tears. To laughter because of the richness of his brogue, and the real wit that bubbled up irrepressibly through every sentence; to tears because of the pathos of the incident which always formed the climax of his autobiographical testimony.

He had lived a wild, tumultuous life. Arrest at the age of eight for drunkenness was an appropriate and prophetic commencement of a career of sin, spent principally at sea, and in boisterous orgies at the different seaports of the world, and which finally culminated in his nearly being beaten to death by a New York policeman in a brawl. After being treated by the physicians at the hospital he made his way to the

Bowery Mission, with his head bandaged, one of his ribs broken, one of his shoulders dislocated, and not quite sure as to some other parts of his anatomy except that they were frightfully sore. Both his eyes were blackened and his face bruised beyond all recognition; he had been to the Mission many times before, and he knew at any rate he would be kindly treated there. He was in such desperate need that of course the kindly janitor could not turn him away, so he was allowed for a few days to stay in one of the rooms on the cellar floor. He was such a pitiable-looking object that he did not dare to go out on the streets, and kept as much as possible out of the view of the workers and congregation of the Mission.

But one night there came a speaker with a loud and sonorous voice. It not only rang in the lofty arched roof of the Mission itself, but away behind in the rafters of the kitchen, and even down into the depths of the cellar stores and corridors. The poor battered sailor heard it. He had been trying to console himself by a surreptitious smoke, when this voice first penetrated into his hiding-place. Listening intently, he imagined he could even catch some of the words. His curiosity was aroused, and forgetting for the moment that he still held his pipe in his mouth he mounted the stairway into the kitchen and quietly opened the door that led into the hall by the side of the organ. The audience was in full view so, quickly remembering his bandages and his bruises, he sadly closed the door again. But still that voice rang out, and now some of the words and even sentences of the speaker could be distinctly heard. He was filled with a yearning desire to hear more, and above all to see the face of the man

who had so strangely moved him. A new idea flashed upon him.

Going out to the back, with his pipe still unconsciously held between his teeth, he climbed to the ladder that led to the kitchen roof. Then he found there was another long ladder to scale before he could reach the dome of the building, from the open window of which he hoped to hear and see this wonderful man. He only had one whole arm, and it was a long climb; but he was a sailor, and there was no time to lose. So up he went and soon found himself at the open window, exultingly looking down upon the listening crowd and the earnest man whose trumpet tones had stirred his heart so deeply. It was one of New York City's most zealous ministers, and when this eager Irishman ultimately reached his strange auditory, and to his delight found he could hear just as comfortably as if he had been seated in the regular crowd beneath, the first words that rolled up through the arches and fell upon his wondering ears were: "God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." The words thrilled him with a strange and unearthly sensation. It was no longer the voice of a man but the voice of God that he heard.

He listened, entranced. All the memories of his rebellious life seemed to come crowding in upon him. There was a battle royal upon the roof that night between the spirits of darkness and of light, between the spirit of doubting and the spirit of hope. At last, as the speaking ceased, and one of the stirring hymns, sung with such characteristic enthusiasm by that Bowery crowd, surged up through the open window, he fell upon his knees, placed his pipe upon the ledge, and

looking up at the stars, uttered one great yearning cry for mercy and help. And the shimmering stars looked down upon the upturned face of that pleading man, and the shadowy clouds floated away from the face of the smiling moon, and the summer zephyrs came sweeping up gently from the great Atlantic, and fanned his face and soothed the pain of his throbbing head, and his whole being was suffused with a new and melting tenderness beyond all words to express. As he climbed down the ladders again, he remembered the words so often heard in the Mission below, that now fell upon his broken heart like a wonderful balm, for, oh, how true they are: "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

"The Black Sheep" Saved by His Mother's Prayers

A godly couple in Scotland had a large family of sons and daughters. Every possible means was employed, and every sacrifice was made by which these children might obtain a good education, and when the father died the widowed mother had the satisfaction of knowing that, at any rate, that one supreme ambition of the breadwinner's heart had been attained. One son was established in a good practice as a surgeon, another was an L.L.D., and all were thoroughly equipped for the struggle of life. Above everything else, they were all safely within the fold of the Good Shepherd, all were earnest and active Christians—except one, the black sheep.

It seemed strange that there should be this exception, but so it was. Early in life this one son took

to drinking, and notwithstanding the restraints and wholesome influences of this pious family circle, he soon became a confirmed drunkard. Stranger still, that after marrying a godly woman, and after becoming the father of two fine children, he became even more reckless and dissipated. He went from bad to worse, lost one situation after another, came to America, in the hope of ridding himself of old, pernicious associations, and thus redeem himself. His wife and little ones joined him here, and then followed a more disastrous experience than ever.

It was not difficult for him at first to obtain situations, for he was exceedingly clever in his business—that of a landscape gardener. But one position after another was lost through drink. His home, whenever he had one (for five times over he sold his furniture in order to gratify his craving for drink), became a hell. His wife was broken-hearted. His children were afraid of him. He had become a veritable whiskey fiend. Often, in a pure frenzy, he would overturn the supper table and smash the dishes that his patient wife had so neatly spread for him. It seemed as though drink had permanently shattered his intellect, as well as having destroyed all sense of decency and manliness.

Away in Scotland, however, the widowed mother had been unceasing in her prayers for the besotted wanderer.

Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander were holding one of their great revival meetings in the old Scotch city. Mr. Alexander had distributed a leaflet from Mr. Hadley's book, *Down in Water Street,* entitled, " The Love Story." It was the story of a drunkard reclaimed.

A new hope sprung up in the mother's heart. It gave her a fresh inspiration in her prayers. Latterly, while making her daily petition for her sons and daughters, when she came to the "black sheep" all she could say was, "Aleck! Aleck!" and then find her prayer choked with a sob.

But now new and mighty prayers came from the depths of the mother's soul. And they were answered. Not exactly as she expected, though. It was to the Bowery Mission his steps were directed. His wife and little ones were away from him. He was wandering down in the Bowery, when the bulletin at the Mission door attracted him. He entered. The place was packed to the door. He was taken by an usher and led to a place near the platform. The first hymn he listened to was one the music of which was written by the lamented organist, Victor Benke. The words were:

Jesus redeemed and made me whole;
I can forget Him never.
Out of the depths He brought my soul,
Now I am His forever.

For the first time in many years his eyes were opened. He saw himself as he really was. "I cried to God," as he said himself in his own expressive way, "with a loud voice." God heard him. His mother's prayers were answered. What a transformation took place in his life, only those who were at that time very near to him could understand.

It seemed impossible for him to obtain employment. His character was completely gone. None of his former employers would have anything to say to him. God was testing him. Well did he stand the test.

On the occasion of his first anniversary he related the following incident:

"I went out into the country, determined to find work. I did not succeed, and for three days and three nights had not a bite to eat. On the third night, lying on the ground, I caught sight of the stars above my head. When I came to think of Christ and Gethsemane, I was thrilled through and through to think of my kinship to Him in suffering, and hungry and worn out as I was, I cried out, 'Lord, I am Thine, take me as I am.' I knew that God had something for me to do. Next morning I was attracted by a farm-house. There a good old lady gave me a little work to do—the pruning of her grape vine. When supper time came she called me in, and, while taking my supper, I became conscious that she was watching me very narrowly. Suddenly she said, 'Are you a Christian man?' 'Yes,' I replied. 'Then how does it happen that you are not in a better position?' I then told her the story of my life. With tears in her eyes, she made me acquainted with the fact that she, too, had a wandering boy somewhere. Ten years ago he had left home, and she had never seen him since. And we knelt together, the mother and I, and we prayed for him. And before I left I sat down at the little organ in her parlor, and sang to her the same Benke song that had touched my own heart eight months before—

"'Jesus redeemed and made me whole.'

And then I knew why God had brought me there. It was to comfort a sorrowing mother's heart, and to give strength to a mother's prayers."

The Prayer of a Drunkard's Child

One evening the Rev. Robert H. Carson, of Grace Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, visited the Mission. He had a delightful time with the "Boys." He recognized, from their brogue, the presence of many men from the Emerald Isle, and began his address with the declaration that he, too, was an Irishman. He soon placed himself *en rapport* with his audience. He spoke from the calling of Matthew from the receipt of customs, and made a powerful plea to the men to follow Christ as Matthew did.

"I want to tell you this," he said; "that no man ever followed Jesus Christ without first feeling himself to be something better than he was before. What was Jerry McAuley? What was he when he died? Was he not one of the grandest men in all the world? What was the beloved Samuel Hadley before he began to follow Christ? What was he when he died? A man lamented the whole world over."

Then came a startling and powerful reference to the man sitting by his side, a leader of the meeting—Bob Williams, one of the Mission's converts of fifteen months' standing.

As Mr. Carson entered the Mission that evening, his eyes fell upon a man walking down the opposite aisle of the hall toward the platform. "Who is that man?" he said. "That is Bob Williams, one of our converts, who is going to lead the meeting to-night," was the reply. The preacher placed his hand upon his brow as though he had received a sudden shock; then a smile, not exactly of incredulity, but of joyous wonderment, came to his eyes as he said, "Why, Bob Wil-

liams was a member of my church two years ago. He gave way to drink, and the last time I visited him he threatened to kick me down the stairs if I did not leave at once." Then there came the meeting between pastor and restored member of his flock, which those who witnessed will never forget, and side by side they proceeded in the conduct of the meeting.

On the night that Robert Williams celebrated his first anniversary he gave the following testimony:

"Boys, I am not going to preach a sermon, but to tell you what the devil has done for me, and what the Lord has done.

"After leading a Christian life for fifteen years, I took my first drink nineteen months ago. My wife was sick. I was attending to her for five weeks and did not go to bed nor take my clothes off during that time. On the 20th day of August I was struck down with nervous prostration, and, in an unguarded moment, I took a glass of brandy which the doctor gave me. At the time he gave me that drink I was feeding my wife brandy and milk, and the effect of the drink I took was so strong that I took the brandy bottle and drained it. That started me off on my drunk. On the 24th day of August she died. On the 27th I buried her, and on the 30th I took my two children to the Children's Court in Brooklyn, and had them put away in an institution. I took what money I had got from my furniture and from her insurance, and with that and the money I had saved I started out on a drunk. The first place I struck was on the corner of Halsey Street, Brooklyn. I stayed there three weeks, for as soon as one bottle of whiskey was gone I had another. Then I left there and went to look for work again; worked a little again and then off on another spree. On the 27th of February a year ago, I started over to Brooklyn to see my children in the institution and on the corner of Eighth Street and Third Avenue, waiting for car, I

slipped on the car track and broke my leg. I was taken up to Bellevue Hospital, and while lying there my sister-in-law got my youngest child out of the institution, and when she came to see me she said: 'Papa, you are not doing what you promised mama to do—to be a good man and keep the home together—but here you are lying on the verge of delirium tremens with a broken leg.' She knelt by my bedside and uttered a prayer: 'Blessed Saviour, save my papa and make him a good man.'

"Boys, that broke my heart. I promised her that as soon as I came out of the hospital I would come back to God and serve Him the rest of my life. The Lord has blessed me in many ways since that time up to the present. The Lord has reconciled me to my folks again, and I have got my children back. If they were not suffering from a severe sickness to-night, they would be over here to sing for you. I praise God for what I am. I do not look like what I was, a poor drunkard without anything to eat and no place to sleep; but, thanks to God, I have got everything that a man wants, and all that I ask is, that some of you men will come and taste and see how good the Lord is."

Brother Williams came to the Mission on a pair of crutches, his leg still in a plaster cast. Our President, Dr. Klopsch, being present at one of our meetings shortly after, I took him into the kitchen to see Williams, as an illustration of the many men who are turned out of the hospitals because of their overcrowded conditions, long before they are fit to do any work. Dr. Klopsch spoke words of kindness and encouragement to him, which he regarded as one of the greatest helps to him at that particular crisis in his life. The Mission cared for him for several months while his leg was mending, and when fit to work found him another position. He steadily grew in his spiritual life

and was regularly to be found, either on the Mission platform or in some other mission, telling the wonderful story of "How God Saved Bob Williams."

Then God took him home. A veteran of the United States Army and Civil War days, and a Soldier of the Cross. In the closing days of his life, "he fought a good fight," he "kept the faith," he "finished his course," and is now in the possession of the "Crown of Life."

CHAPTER VIII

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD PRAYER LEAGUE

The announcement of the organization of the Christian Herald Prayer League appeared in the issue of January 14, 1914, and was as follows:

"Will you join the Christian Herald Prayer League?

"The correspondence of our Answered Prayer Column has demonstrated that prayer holds a very large place in the lives of the members of the Christian Herald Family. We shall include hereafter in this department not only acknowledgments of answered prayer, but also requests for prayer. These requests will also be sent to the Bowery Mission, where they will be made special subjects of supplication at the meetings of the Mission Brotherhood.

"But more important still is the organization of a Prayer League. This idea took definite form in a letter from Mrs. J. A. Hardy, of Portsmouth, Va. It was this letter which brought to a focus the earnest thought and plans of the editors and this Prayer League is the result.

"Questions of the day and hour were discussed, and it has seemed best to appoint the noon hour each day as the time when every member of the great Christian Herald Family should lift up his heart in earnest prayer for all the other members of the family, for the church, and for the whole world. There will be no formalities about enrolling members. But the Father of all will see the bended knees and His ear catch the whispered or spoken prayers which shall rise to His throne from every quarter of the globe.

"The noon hour is not identical in different countries or even in different States. But as each soul utters the noonday petition, he will know that many others in his part of the world are joining their prayers to his. And as the noon mark travels about the equator, the great earth will be girdled daily by this chain of prayer.

"Of course, the Prayer League will mention definitely the cases of those requesting prayer and the objects desired, but its scope will not be limited to this. Its greatest object should be to draw near to the heart of Christ and to pray earnestly for the things he longs for most eagerly: the righting of the world's wrongs, the healing of the world's sorrows, the cleansing of the world's sin, the bringing of the world's wanderers to the feet of God—these are the things for which the Prayer League will petition heaven.

"Do not keep yourself from the blessings of this new movement because you feel you have not time to go alone at the noon hour for prayer. If it is no more than a moment, lift your heart to God, asking Him to bless the Christian Herald Family and to use it for bringing the world to Himself. Pray for a revival in your own heart; in your church; in your community; in your nation; throughout the world.

"Let January 14, 1914, witness the beginning of a vast prayer movement, whose ending only the omniscient Father can foresee."

Letters by hundreds began to pour in telling of all kinds of desires for blessing. Mothers wrote, asking prayers for the conversion of sons; wives for the conversion of husbands; earnest church workers for revival of religion in their communities; temperance workers for victories in the fight against the saloon; friends wrote asking prayers for restoration of sight and hearing, and for healing from many forms of disease and afflictions for themselves and friends; others

wrote asking prayers for reconciliation with friends estranged; mothers asking that they might hear from absent boys.

If the members of the Prayer League could step into the Bowery Mission meeting some Sunday morning, or the Brotherhood meeting in an evening, they would be thrilled and overwhelmed at the signs of interest these newly converted men take in the requests for prayer which are sent in from North and South, East and West. The whole movement is creating and strengthening a wonderful tie between all the members of the Christian Herald Family and these men and women who are being redeemed from lives of want and sin.

The interest in prayer created by the appearance of the weekly column in the *Christian Herald* has been most remarkable. At the time of writing there are over 12,000 members of the League; and the influence of this department upon the general readers of the paper has doubtless been most salutary.

In June of 1915 so many inquiries on the subject came in from non-members of the League, and members of the League who were non-subscribers to the paper, that the following paragraph appeared in the column:

"There has been some correspondence with friends who are members of the Prayer League, but are not yet members of the Christian Herald Family. In answer to the many inquiries which have been made we wish to say again that there are no requirements whatever for membership in the Prayer League. Any one, whether a subscriber to the *Christian Herald* or not, is at liberty to send in a request for prayer, or an acknowledgment of answered prayer. We trust that the many friends who have written in to ask us this

question will consider this a personal answer to their letters."

For some time past requests have been coming in at an average rate of 750 per week. Every request is carefully recorded at the *Christian Herald* office, and a classified list is sent each week to the Bowery Mission, and laid upon the Bible on the reading-desk every Sunday morning. It can be easily imagined what a large and prominent place this particular item occupies in the program, and in each service, and in the minds of the large crowd of men who fill the auditorium at every meeting.

Indeed, often, recently, the time of the Sunday morning service has been exclusively given up to the prayer exercise, and no one who has been present on such occasions has felt that the time was badly spent.

It has been my delightful privilege recently to read many hundreds of letters that have been received by the *Christian Herald* acknowledging God's goodness in answering prayer, and I have been simply overwhelmed not only by the multitude of the acknowledgments, but by the amazing variety of need that has been covered.

Space forbids me even giving the names of the writers of these letters, they are so numerous. To make a clear classification is difficult, if not impossible. All that I feel I can do is to give a few typical letters, taken almost at random from the great pile now in my possession.

Prayers for Conversions

"Some months ago I wrote asking prayer for a brother. We are so rejoiced as he is most gloriously saved, and declares that he is now a servant of God."

"I want to acknowledge answer to prayer for my nephew. He is a youth sixteen years old, and I cannot be thankful enough that he has been brought to Christ. He 'hit the trail' at one of the Sunday revival meetings and is now working every night at a union revival meeting being held in our church, and has already brought some of his companions to the Saviour."

"Last week I wrote a request that you would pray for me that my health might be better, also that my two sons would find Christ. Last Saturday the younger son came home for a little while (he is a telegraph operator). When I was preparing supper he said: 'Mother, I made a start for Christ last night at a meeting.' Such a thrill of joy went through me and I could not thank my heavenly Father enough for having answered prayer."

"The Prayer League, with the blessing of our heavenly Father, has helped my dear boy and stopped him from drink and brought him to Jesus."

"When the Column of Answered Prayers first appeared in the *Herald,* I promised God that I would write the good news to the *Christian Herald* when my father accepted Christ. I have been praying for him ever since I became a Christian myself and during a recent revival in our town he was splendidly converted and is now working hard for his Saviour. I praise God for His answer to my prayer and I have consecrated my life anew to His service."

"Over three months ago I wrote asking your prayers for my son who had gone down to the depths, lost his

position, left wife and child. I have received a letter from one of our missions from my son saying he has been converted and for three months has been leading a consistent Christian life."

"Soon after a Prayer League was started, I sent a request for prayer for the salvation of a son and daughter. My daughter was saved last summer at a camp meeting, which brought great joy to my soul."

"I wish to acknowledge answer to prayer for my husband, his two daughters, and my two sisters. They were all converted at a recent evangelistic meeting."

"I wish to acknowledge answer to prayer for my son. Some time past I requested prayer for his conversion, and that he might quit the morphine and whiskey habit. He now goes to church and last Sunday joined the Men's Bible Class, and his physicians assure us that he is entirely rid of the other habit. He has been very fortunate of late in securing work."

"I praise God our prayers for my husband have been answered. He was saved last night."

"Some time ago I wrote you requesting your prayers for two of my sons. It is with a thankful heart that I write to tell you that our prayers are being answered, I believe. The one got an increase in wages which he sorely needed; the other son tells me that he has cut out drinking as he found that it was getting the best of him. Now I think that is wonderful, knowing what a hard drinker he was."

"Some time ago I sent in a request for prayer for the conversion of my husband and that he would be able to give up the drink habit of almost forty years' standing, but it had been getting the best of him the last ten years, and his family had a miserable time as a consequence. Shortly after sending in the request and respecting the prayers of an old Christian lady, he

stopped drinking entirely and now attends church faithfully, something he never did before. It is simply wonderful. I praise God every day of my life and thank the Prayer League and rejoice to know there is such a League, for I firmly believe God when He says, ' Where two or three are gathered in My name I will answer their requests.' "

Prayers for Deliverance from the Drink Habit

" I want to tell you that the boy you prayed for some months since (prayed he should be saved from the curse of drink) very soon offered to sign a pledge. I have never doubted for a moment that this was a direct answer to prayer."

" I wish to acknowledge answered prayer for a brother who has given up drinking and is trying again to be a man."

" In January I asked prayer that my husband be delivered from the liquor habit, and in two weeks he swore off drinking and hasn't touched it since."

" I cannot refrain from acknowledgment of the wonders your prayers have effected in a widow's son who has overcome the liquor habit through your prayers and God's blessing: I am thankful to tell you his mind is clear, and he is a grand good man: God is good. I beg you to keep on praying for him, that he may be strong again and never go astray again."

" I wish to tell you that over a year ago I sent you a request for prayer for a young man who was the only child left at home with his aged parents. His mother was blind. This son drank and how his mother would sit up at night for him to come home, even all night if he failed to appear. I want to write to you at this Thanksgiving Day that that young man has been straight and at home every night, week in and out, so his mother told me."

Prayers for Revivals

"Some time since I wrote to the Prayer League, asking special prayer in the behalf of a revival in our community. I am glad to report good results from the revival. Almost five hundred people have been brought to Christ. I am specially thankful for the conversion of two grandsons and their father."

"Strange as it may sound, this town, the former home of many outlaws, and the witness of much lawlessness, is now in the midst of a great revival. Nearly a third of the population has been converted, besides scores of reconsecrations."

"I want to acknowledge answer to a request for a revival in Wisconsin which I sent to the Prayer League some time ago. Oh, how God did pour out His Holy Spirit upon us! I want to give Him all the praise and glory."

"I want to acknowledge remarkable answer to prayer for a revival and an opening of a Sunday school."

"Some time ago I asked prayer for a revival of religion at Temple. The prayer has been answered, the result of which has been the conversion of over eight hundred souls."

"I want to acknowledge God's goodness in answering the prayers of the League, especially for a revival in this town, where five hundred, possibly more, were brought into the kingdom."

"I sent in a request a few months since for a special prayer that I might have a glorious revival in my work and that souls might be saved. I am thankful to say that the prayers have been answered. At one point thirty souls were saved."

"Some years ago, while pastor of a mission in Pittsburgh, Pa., I was deeply impressed with a sense of the great need in the community. I sent a request to the Noonday Prayer League. In the course of a short time I experienced a spiritual uplift in my own life. The congregation took on spiritual enthusiasm which steadily increased, until a wonderful revival came that continued for months. Many souls were wonderfully saved. Conviction was deep, and conversion clear, and the work was manifestly of God. The Sunday school was more than doubled. The church became too small for the congregation."

"Some time ago I sent a request for prayer for a revival in Bainbridge. Our meeting closed last Sunday, which lasted three weeks. We had the greatest revival this place has ever known."

"More than a year ago I wrote for outpouring of the Holy Spirit on a meeting to be held at a little place near Tate, Tenn., and I am glad to say that last June they had a glorious meeting. More accomplished for the Master than had been done for years, and as the saying is, 'Several buried the hatchet.' Surely the prayers of the League had something to do with it."

"About a year ago I wrote asking prayers for a revival here in our village, for the cause lay very low and the churches were almost disheartened. The first week in October the Lord sent Evangelist E. W. Kenyon to us and he labored five weeks with the most marvelous results. About eighty men settled it and are serving Christ, and many women. No such revival was ever known in these parts and I want to thank God that He heard the prayers of the Bowery Mission and sent such a wonderful tidal wave of salvation and gave such victory over the devil in a place of such great need. Help us praise God for this wonderful answer."

"I am writing to inform you that South Brigantine, U. S. Life Saving Station, New Jersey coast, Captain

J. Frank Smith, reports a most blessed work of grace with every member of the Life Saving crew converted."

"I write to tell you of a glorious revival under the direction of the Ham Ramsay campaign in Danville, Ky. It has been felt for hundreds of miles. I asked the Prayer League, this fall, for prayers for this revival and God has heard them."

Prayers for Healing

"The Lord answered many prayers for me, especially one for cure from cancer of the mouth. It was my last trial, as I knew the doctor had failed to heal me. I went to the Lord in prayer and He healed me."

"I wish to acknowledge the healing of what was thought to be a cancer of ten years' standing on my husband's face."

"For about ten years I have had some kind of lung trouble. Two doctors pronounced it tuberculosis. Two years ago I was bedfast, and it was thought that I could not last long. About a year ago I began to pray. I prayed almost constantly for three weeks until I got the prayer habit and kept it up for months, and have been as well as most women of my age, not far from seventy. I wish to give God the glory, and thank the *Christian Herald* for the first idea of healing through prayer."

"I want to acknowledge an answered prayer for a brother who has been cured of the morphine habit."

"A few weeks ago I asked prayer for a daughter who has been in the state hospital for nearly five years. The request has been granted in a measure. She has so far recovered as to come home. Pray for her complete recovery."

"In September I was very ill; my life was despaired of. My recovery was a little less than a miracle; so says my physician. I am up, growing stronger each day. I feel that I was saved through special prayer."

"I want to tell you that while praying for my mother's recovery I realized how loving God is. Before I had always believed in God, but as something very far off, but it came to me then that God is so real and so near."

"January first I sent a request for prayer that my little daughter might be restored to health and regain the power of speech and the use of her hands and limbs. She was desperately ill at that time. Her peculiar case baffled our very best physicians. In a few days after I sent my request she began to improve, at first very slowly, then more rapidly, until now she is almost well. The physicians say it is almost a miracle. I know it is an answer to prayer, and I thank God from the depth of my heart for His wonderful goodness."

"Some time ago I wrote, requesting prayers that I might be healed, and for a brighter evidence that I was born of the Spirit. I now wish to return thanks to God that my health is much improved and my faith is stronger and that I have more peace."

"I sent a request for prayer for the healing of a woman critically sick with pneumonia. That day there was a consultation of physicians and none of them spoke hopefully. The nurses said all the symptoms were bad. During the night the temperature dropped five degrees and became normal. There was steady improvement and the patient is in a better condition than before the illness."

"I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering the Prayers of Christian Herald Prayer League that the epidemic of diphtheria in that town be

checked. After the request was made no new cases nor deaths were reported. Praises be to God who answers prayers!"

"My husband has been completely cured of hernia. He suffered from it for twenty-eight years. I wrote the Prayer League and am so rejoiced and thankful to the League that I feel if it were possible I would thank each member. May God's blessing rest upon and abide with all of you."

"I wish to acknowledge answered prayer for two who had cancer. One was on the tongue and it is gone. The other one is getting well. I believe and know there is none like the great Physician, who can, and does, cure all manner of diseases."

"I want to thank God for answered prayer. I was crippled, had not been able to walk without crutches for eighteen months. Also lost the use of one shoulder. Two wrote asking prayers of the Prayer League in January. Now I can walk and have gained use of shoulder. I am so thankful."

"My father is very much better. God has done what science could not, for the doctor gave him up and it was just a matter of few hours, but a wonderful change came in the night, on the day you must have received my special delivery."

"I saw a wonderful demonstration of faith this summer in Withamsville, Ohio, a few miles out from Cincinnati. I visited my brother there and a special friend of his was in the last stages of Bright's disease. Mr. T. J. Behymer, seventy-five years of age (the patient's name), was so badly swollen from waist to feet, had not been in bed for eight weeks, but sat day and night in a rocker, helpless, took broth occasionally for nourishment. His two physicians informed him that nothing could be done for him, but came occasionally to try to ease his sufferings. I called one afternoon to

see him with my sister-in-law, and how his pitiful condition did appeal to my better nature! My very soul went out to this patient sufferer, waiting for death to release his soul from the weakened body. After speaking words of encouragement as best I could, and no hope had he, then I suggested that he ask some of the Prayer Leagues to pray for his restoration, such as Central Baptist Church, Memphis, Tenn., and Christian Herald Bowery Mission, New York City. Then gave him a couple of cases that had come under my personal observation. Hope filled his glistening eyes as he feably remarked, 'Mrs. R., if God healed these cases, he can heal me.' 'Nothing is impossible with God,' I answered. That night his sufferings were greater than ever. I was invited over to see him next day, as they were intimate friends of my brother and family. As I started to depart, Mrs. B. asked that I unite with them and ask God to give Mr. B. a night's rest. I said, 'As long as I can keep awake, I shall be talking to God, for rest and ease for your husband.' Early bedtime came, Mr. B. asked to have his bed prepared, he wished to lie down and, 'he slept like a tired baby,' was remarked by Mrs. B. next morning. The next night and the next he slept, strength came, then appetite. The swelling began to reduce, and within one week Mr. Behymer was well. All his physician could say was, 'Mr. B., you surprise me, you surprise me.' Mr. B. was stepping around as briskly as if nothing had ever come to him. Mr. B. believes that God healed him."

"In the spring of 1914 I came down with tuberculosis. I immediately went to Dr. M. One of the patients was a subscriber to the *Christian Herald* and on reading a copy, I saw how I could become a member of the Prayer League. I asked them to pray that I might be cured. I know they did, so to-day I feel thankful to say that with their prayers God helped the doctor to cure me."

"About two months ago I wrote asking for your prayers for my sister who was very sick with tuberculosis; so sick that doctors said she could not live. I am so happy and thankful to say that she has improved wonderfully and we believe that she will soon be entirely well. It is a miracle, and we consider it a direct answer to prayer."

"I wrote you two years ago asking prayers for my son, who was stricken with epilepsy at the age of thirty years, and continued to have attacks every three weeks for a year. I am so happy to tell you that he has been spared from these horrible attacks now for over twelve months. I can't thank you enough."

"I wish to acknowledge God's signal answers on three occasions: Twice in my recovery from extreme illness, and recently in the reconciliation of an estranged relative."

"Over a year ago I wrote to you asking that prayers be offered for my sister who is sick with tuberculosis in New Mexico. I wish to acknowledge that God has been very gracious and spared her unto us. The doctors in A—— think she is a living wonder and miracle. God is to be praised for answering our prayers."

"I am writing to tell how the Lord answered our prayers for my daughter who was afflicted with a nervous disease. I wrote to the Prayer League some months since, asking for your prayers, and, praise His Holy Name, my child is well."

"More than a year ago I asked prayer for a sister who was in such bad health the doctors said there was no chance for her. She was the mother of ten children and I felt we could not give her up. I feel she was given back to us, well and strong, through direct answer to prayer, and I feel I should acknowledge it. 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him.'"

"About two months ago I sent in a request for prayers for my dear wife who had just been operated on and the doctor gave little hopes for her recovery. And I want to tell you the prayers were speedily answered and she began to get better right away, and has had no bad spells since. We wish to thank all those that prayed for her, and also the dear Saviour, who is always willing and ready to answer prayer, if we only ask Him in the right way and have faith enough."

"This morning's sermon reminded me of an answered prayer in my own experience to which I have never given publicity. As I look back to that date, January, 1870, I am amazed that I did not at that time feel called upon to give to others the story for their own encouragement to believe, and ask nothing doubting. Why did I not realize more fully the marvel of it all rather than accept the theory of the physicians? Why are we so eager to reduce to reason's standards the problems of God's way with us in our daily lives with each other and our attitude toward God?" 'The man that was born blind.' This was the subject of the sermon that carried me back, lo! these nearly fifty years, to the little room where I was to meet the deepest need of my life. My second child was eight days old. I had suffered much in mind and was only for the last few hours quite conscious of surroundings. The little son had given almost no trouble or anxiety to any one save the faithful nurse and the watchful physician. I had slept late this morning and as my eyes opened, across the room sat the nurse with my baby boy on her lap giving him his morning bath. The picture was so beautiful to my motherhood that I lay very still to enjoy it as long as possible. He was certainly a normal child, a wonderful human being, made in the image of our Creator, mine to cherish, to teach, lead to the Christ who had said, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.' I watched the nurse very intently that I in my young motherhood might learn of her art of early care and precaution. She lingered so long in the attention to the

eyes that I began to wonder why, and recalled the fact that no care had been manifested to protect them from the light. Slowly the fact crept into my agonized heart. I never had, in all the eight days of his precious life, seen the eyes of my child. No words can give the least idea of the flood of anguish that battled with my hope and fear, and worst of all, my faith in God. Had I become the mother of a sightless son? Then the silence was broken by the nurse who, supposing me still asleep, exclaimed unconsciously, 'Oh, how I wish I could open your eyes.' I waited until I could control both grief and voice, and then said, as though just awaking, 'Have you seen baby's eyes?' In spite of her professional self-control, my fear read the truth in her face, though she answered, 'Yes.' I felt keen sorrow for her for the false statement her anxiety for the young mother caused her to make professionally. Why I did not know, but it must have been the dying breath of forlorn hope that followed the question with this other, 'What color are they?' She hid her confusion and silenced her conscience and I thought no less of her for doing what she felt to be duty, stern and relentless, as she said briefly and calmly, 'Blue.' She had falsified and I blamed her not. She herself was a mother. I loved her for the sympathy I felt in the atmosphere of her presence all through that day of conflict. All day in agony I prayed, not for the child's life, but for his sight. I felt sure that his father had not been told, neither would I give to him his portion of the affliction, much as I needed the mingling of his tears with mine. But when he came to bid me goodnight, in spite of my resolution to spare him, a great sob overwhelmed all my fortitude and he would not leave me until I told him all. He talked with the nurse, tried to quiet me, and at last left me, thinking he had allayed my fears. But, oh! how I wrestled in prayer trying to make my faith come up to the degree of expectations. At last there came the calm after the awful tempest of unwillingness. I do not remember

that I was able to say, 'Thy will, not mine, be done.' But I felt that the Man of Sorrows who gave Himself to our humanity was not unmindful of me and of this little helpless soul that God had intrusted to my care. The morning came and the prayer was answered. The beautiful blue eyes looked into mine and it was proven they were not sightless. Was I surprised? I think not, but so unspeakably grateful and so firmly grounded in the faith that prayer will be heard, yes, and answered."

Prayers for Various Needs

"Some time ago I wrote you, asking your readers to pray for me. I had earned money which had not been paid me, and don't believe I ever would have gotten it without the help from God. But in a few days after writing to you I got every cent of it. No one could make me believe but the money came in answer to prayer."

"I have had for some time a very troublesome business burden from which I saw no relief, although I prayed. So I decided to send a request for help, but to my surprise, yesterday, before I started to write this letter, the burden was lifted. Glory to His name. 'Before they call I will answer' (Isa. 65:24)."

"A beautiful letter, written by a lady, comes from a town in British Columbia: 'I just want to say that a small prayer was answered recently for me, the first real prayer I had uttered from my heart for eight years. I need not tell you of all the misery I have suffered and how through this misery I shut God out of my life and heart. I came here a nervous wreck, full of bitterness against every one and everything. For three days I had hardly anything to eat; all seemed black, and the devil was doing his best to tell me to end it all, saying then I should have peace. I went for my mail; there was nothing. Coming down the steps of the post-

office I felt so sad, so weak, I just cried out from my poor, breaking heart: "O God, send me a friend. Don't let me drift and break down again." I went a little way down the street and met a man at whose house I had called that morning for work, and he told me to go to his office. He gave me two dollars and told me to get some food. Then he sent kind, gentle women to see me, who brought clothes and food and cheered me up wonderfully. My first prayer for years had been answered, quickly, lovingly, and thoroughly. Never again will I doubt God's love. I am God's child once more. If my letter could reach some poor lonely soul that is going through a bad time as I did, let it tell him not to doubt about God. There is a God, a loving God. He will help them if they ask Him as I did, outside of the post-office, while my heart was breaking. His beautiful messengers were around me that day, guiding my tired-out feet to the right spot for food and love.'"

"I wish to acknowledge the goodness of the Lord in answering my prayer. My brother has returned to his children and has led a new life, and promised to give up the drink habit."

"I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering prayer for a relative who was to be tried in June on a serious charge. An earlier hearing was obtained and he was completely exonerated from the charge."

"Some time ago we asked the Prayer League to pray for our daughter whose mind was somewhat deranged. We are glad to say that she is herself again."

"A few weeks ago I asked for your prayers for the restoration of my sister's mind. Now I want to acknowledge God's answer to our prayer. Even the doctors declare that her recovery is nothing short of a miracle. Prayer has restored her and saved her from a living death."

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"The lost notes, and other valuable papers for the recovery of which prayer was requested, have been found."

"I wish to acknowledge prayers offered for freedom from a great financial trouble which threatened to keep us in practical slavery for years to come. I prayed God to help us in just the best way, and it came out in just that way, for which I thank and praise His holy name."

"A year or more ago I made a request for prayer to become reconciled to a brother. God has answered my poor cry and that of the League. I do thank Him."

"Several months ago I asked for prayers of the League that I might hear from a dear brother very soon that a great trouble which threatened those dear to him might be averted. Thank God, my prayers were answered in a wonderful manner."

"I feel it my duty to tell you of a case of answered prayer. About one year ago I was talking to a man, something was said about our new preacher. We are Methodists. He said he did not like the former pastor, did not go to church, and he had stopped his folks from going. I prayed his views might be changed and he might see the question in a different light. Thank the good Lord, I went to an Easter service yesterday and the gentleman and all his family were at our church, five miles from home. Glory!"

"I wish to say my prayer has been partly answered that my husband and son should be reconciled to each other."

"I want to thank the Prayer League for their prayers in behalf of my son, who was temporarily insane. He is doing fine and I wish they might see him, there is such a wonderful change."

" Six months ago I wrote you asking prayers that my husband might be led to give up another and our home made happy. That prayer has been answered."

" Some months ago I asked you for prayers for my son, who was financially destroyed. I feel as though prayers were miraculously answered."

" Shortly after our sending in the request for prayer, two hundred dollars came to meet immediate financial necessities. The roup among the poultry abated. My husband seemed better physically. To God be the praise."

" I wish to state that a financial institution was threatened with a heavy loss, which would have seriously embarrassed it. It rested upon a contingency for several years. I resorted to prayer all these years to save us from the loss, and yesterday this prayer was answered in our having not the loss of a dollar."

" I want to add my testimony, for it may be the means of helping some one. Two years ago the angel of death entered my house and claimed for his victim my companion. Talk about darkness; that was the darkest time I had ever experienced. I struggled, and my friends tried to comfort me, but no comfort came. One sister said, ' I don't know of one in our midst that should be more able to bear a sorrow like this than you.' But oh, how little we know of each other's hearts. I said to her, ' Pray for me. You don't know how dark the hour is.' I kept praying, or trying to pray, for it seemed heaven had closed up. The door was shut never to open again. Then came the trying time, the funeral. Our seven children and I went to the church where we had gone Sunday after Sunday and where, just one week from that day, he and I had sat, never thinking what would be before another Sabbath rolled around. I thought I could not stand it. Then the choir began to sing so softly, and while they sang the song, ' Angel Band,'—the only song he could

sing,—the blessing came. I shouted, 'Praises to my Lord!' I could weep no more. It was an answer to prayer. O praise the Lord for His comfort in those dark hours!"

As showing the steadily growing, and rapidly widening interest being taken in the subject of prayer, let me give you a statement of letters received during the past month. They have come from the following States:

Arkansas, California, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont, Washington, Virginia, West Virginia, Wisconsin, and Canada.

Deafness cured	2	Cases
Health restored	82	"
Drink habit cured	8	"
Recurrent insanity	1	"
Sight restored	6	"
Character vindicated	1	"
Financial aid obtained	11	"
Employment secured	16	"
Mind restored	3	"
Home restored	3	"
Conversions	51	"
Voice restored	1	"
Total	185	

These letters are all filed in the *Christian Herald* office, and similar letters continue to flow in to the Prayer League without intermission.

CHAPTER IX

ANSWERED PRAYER

(f) In Gospel and Rescue Missions

Not only in the Bowery Mission but in every other institution connected with the aggressive wing of the Church of Christ prayer is a mighty force.

This arises no doubt largely from the fact that these missions operate among human beings who are found to be in the uttermost extremity of need, spiritual and material. They have no other resource but God. The universal instinct of prayer asserts itself, and, sometimes almost involuntarily, they cry aloud for help.

With all the profusion of charitable institutions that we in these days of advanced civilization possess, it is still true that there are many ills from which humanity is suffering that are altogether unprovided for. Inveterate habits that bind poor mortals in adamantine chains, hereditary evils, of mind as well as body, that pass from generation to generation with fell and unfailing purpose, grim social evils that all legislation, philanthropy, and science seem powerless to remove, so that shambling men and slovenly women and impish children congest the slums and alleys of our modern cities in terrible helplessness and despair.

When, however, the tender-hearted under-shepherd goes down into these dark places, and, finding the broken and bruised members of the human flock, tells them of the Love, Pity, and Helpfulness of the Good

Shepherd, who "giveth His life for the sheep," the response is immediate and eager.

Because of the consciousness of their extremity, the very poor seem to be able to comply more easily with conditions of successful prayer, as laid down by Jesus Christ, than their richer and more competent fellow creatures.

The blind man is overwhelmed by the awful and appalling need of eyesight, so, in the darkness, when he hears of the passing Christ, he waves his hands and cries, "Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me!" The prayer is definite, passionate, submissive, earnest, and full of faith, and it brings an immediate answer.

Praying in accordance with the will of God! Well, these poor rebels and prodigals of the lower order have tried their own wills, they have gone their own ways, and the result has been dire disaster. It is not a difficult thing for them to try the other and better plan.

Praying for definite blessings! Why, they are sinking in the waters like Peter. The danger is wofully imminent. They must have help at once. Surely they can be definite, and out rings the piteous plea, "Lord, save me, or I perish!"

Praying in the name of Christ! That means praying to the great unseen, inscrutable God of the universe, whose bewildering infinity would stagger and confound them utterly but for the fact that in Jesus they recognize God. Whatever God is, is represented in Jesus. In coming to Jesus they are coming to God. Whenever they think of God they think of what Jesus was, and is, and the name of Jesus is to them all sweetness, and gentleness, and pitifulness, and love, and it is

easy for poor helpless mortals to pray in the name of Jesus.

Probably prayer is more real and effective in the Gospel missions of our cities than anywhere else.

I am going, therefore, to quote from letters I have recently received from the superintendents of these missions, words of testimony as to answered prayer.

From the Rev. Oliver C. Elliott,

Superintendent of the Boston Industrial Home, Boston, Mass.

Yes, indeed, evidences of answered prayer are constantly with us in our work here, and I will give you the most recent case.

At our roof-garden service, Sunday, July 24th, one of several men who came forward as an evidence of spiritual desire was a poor, miserable fellow, shaking with delirium, ragged and unkempt. Asked to pray for himself he frankly confessed his gross sin and implored divine mercy and forgiveness in tone and language that plainly indicated that he was not a stranger and knew how to pray.

His story was this: He was superintendent of a big Philadelphia Gospel work wherein he was very successful. He started on a two-weeks' vacation, came to Boston, was tempted, and fell. He drank all his money and good clothing and finally, in a moment of despair, prayed God to direct his steps to a place of safety. He came to us with the above result. I telegraphed his Board, he wrote his confession, next a special delivery letter telling him to come back, then the money-telegram, the trip home, and the open-arms reception. I have not divulged the name either of the man or his work, both of which, however, I would be glad to give you confidentially if you desire. We have a wonderful Saviour, and, after all, this is only very simple for Him to do for those who trust Him.

From the Rev. E. J. Goodwin,

Superintendent of the Gospel Mission, Syracuse, N. Y.

Mr. L., an infidel, living by his wits, traveling all over the country seeking something he could not find, came to our Mission the latter part of November, 1915, with the purpose of doing the Mission a financial wrong. He came under the power of conviction and made a partial surrender to God. He fell back into the old ways and tried to get away but could not. He came back to the Lord, and to-day is living a clean, useful life. How did it happen? The power of prayer was too strong and he could not get away from it.

Mr. P., an attorney-at-law in a city in the State of Indiana, at one time counsel for several corporations in the city in which he lived and practised law. He had a doubt in his mind as to the divinity of our Saviour. He came to the Mission on three different occasions during a period of two years. For what? Looking for something that would take from his life the curse that was upon it—booze. He was pointed the way, and the third time he made the surrender and to-day is in the city of Chicago, his law practice coming back, and his wife with him. He has a home, business is growing, and best of all he is telling the story of Jesus and His love to those he comes in contact with. Prayer brought the thing he had traveled thousands of miles to find, when it was at his side all the time.

From the Rev. William McQuere,

Superintendent of the McAuley Cremorne Mission, New York, N. Y.

We have been praying for the husband of a woman who had been converted at the McAuley Cremorne Mission. This man, a habitual drunkard, had taken all the money (his wife's earnings), had beaten his wife, and driven his children into the streets. At the Sunday night meeting, we began prayer for this man's

conversion. At the close of the meeting a number of men responded to the invitation. As I walked down the hall, one of the workers remarked that my prayer had been answered. "In what way?" I asked. "Why!" he replied. "That's Mrs. ——'s husband kneeling at the front." He told us later that he had an uncontrollable desire to come to the meeting, and that as he sat there he became convinced that what he needed was this Jesus to whom we testified. If this was not an answer to prayer, I would not know how to account for it.

From the Rev. J. A. Fritz,

Superintendent of the Merrimac Mission, Boston, Mass.

I, Jacob A. Fritz, Superintendent of the Merrimac Mission, was for twenty years a drunkard, with a very godly Christian wife, who never ceased to pray all those years for her sinful husband, that Jesus would some day save him, and that their last days would be their best days on earth.

On January 28, 1905, I found an invitation in my letter box to attend a Brotherhood service held at three o'clock Sunday afternoon, at the Ruggles Street Baptist Church, Boston. So I attended and surrendered my life to Christ when the invitation was given. At the close of the service I immediately hurried home to tell my wife what I had done. She threw her arms around my neck, and replied, "Thank God! I knew He would answer my prayer, and save my husband." This is ten years and six months ago. Certainly our last days, in answer to my wife's prayers, are the best of our lives. They are days of heaven on earth.

I have been called of God as an apostle to the drunkard in this wicked West End of Boston, where I have been Superintendent of the Merrimac Mission for nearly five years.

For years my stomach was eaten out by alcohol, I

was completely knocked out with acute indigestion, and the doctor told me I would have to live on milk and limewater. I was also taking indigestion tablets for relief. One night I heard a brother who is now my assistant give his testimony in a Gospel mission on Shawmut Avenue, how God had healed him of consumption. He stated the Lord had forgiven all his iniquities and healed all his diseases. I said in my heart, "If God healed that brother of consumption, He can heal me." I disposed of all my tablets and turned to Jesus, my Great Physician. He certainly and wonderfully healed and put a new lining in my stomach, and, for the past seven years, I can eat without the least bit of distress.

I was the oldest of four brothers, all drunkards, and the Lord put it into my heart to pray for them. Inside of three years I saw every one of them saved. We all sat together on the Ruggles Street Baptist Church platform and conducted the service.

I could mention hundreds of other cases, but space will not permit.

From the Rev. Ernest G. Randal,

Superintendent of the Clement French Industrial Home for Men, 51 Plane Street, Newark, N. J.

Mr. B. was a man of thirty-six, well educated, had held a fine business position; was married and had a splendid wife and two bright children. He was brought up without religious training. In his business life he gradually acquired the drink habit which soon made him its slave. He took all the "cures" that are known, but all to no purpose, and his wife had to leave him, the furniture was sold, business men blacklisted him, and he was down and out.

In a state of nervous wreck, with every hope of recovery gone from his mind, he was brought by a friend to see me. He sat in agony, every tortured nerve crying out for more alcohol, while he tried to frame up

some excuse to get a few cents to satisfy the horrible craving.

Without stopping to narrate the steps in the conversation that led up to the final decision, let me just say, that we got down on our knees, where we stayed for some time. First, he had his sins forgiven. Then the Holy Spirit led me to ask him to pray for complete deliverance from the desire for drink. He did so, and lo! the miracle was done. He said afterward "that it seemed that something like a string was pulled out of his throat," and the desire was gone.

Mr. P. was an instance where God showed that He could save a man while in a drunken condition. For forty years he had been a fearful drinker and gambler. He had made or inherited two small fortunes, all of which were dissipated, and he became a dirty, ragged "soak." For a solid week before his conversion he had not left the saloon day or night. His only bed was on the chair, or on the floor in the corner. When his last cent was gone, he was kicked out. The night was bitter cold and stormy in January. In a dazed condition, he made his way to our Hall where a meeting was going on. After some difficulty he was gotten into the chapel. He seemed to sleep through most of the service, but when it came to the testimony part, he listened to an earnest plea by a man who had been saved for over a year.

This seemed to strike home. Mr. P. jumped to his feet and said, "Can God do for me what He has done for Ben?" On being assured that He could, he came to the altar where he began to wrestle in prayer. The meeting went on. In about fifteen minutes he got to his feet, stood steadily, talked rationally, and went out a complete victor.

Another man—Mr. C.—sat through the entire meeting without giving any sign of interest. The minister who spoke was pastor of the church which C. had attended as a boy, thirty years before. Another visitor had been his playfellow. After service C. was per-

suaded to come into a small room where we talked and prayed for over an hour, but he would not pray. He tried to get away but we held him on one pretext or another.

He was under indictment, his family was broken up, he loved rum and drugs, and he declared there was no hope for such as he. He would not try, he said, because he would only go out and fall. Then he was told that God could take the desire for drink out of his life. Would he test God? He fell upon his knees, and the tears began to flow. Then he prayed as drowning men pray. He soon rose up, and with smiles declared that his awful craving was completely gone.

From the Rev. William F. Ellis,

Superintendent of the Yale Hope Mission, New Haven, Conn.

Of course, in work of this kind there are many instances in which the Lord definitely answers prayer. There are, however, two cases which we have especially in mind, both happening the past year. We pray that some one's faith may be strengthened thereby.

The first is the conversion of one of the freshmen students of Yale. He is a young man whose father and mother did not agree in religious matters, and it seemed very hard for him to have faith in God. He wanted to believe, but it seemed he could not do so. A member of the Yale faculty, who is intensely interested in our work here, took an interest in this young man. Noting his loneliness, he took him under his wing and frequently brought him to the Mission and got him under the influence of the Gospel. He then confided the whole matter to Mrs. Ellis and myself, and the three of us prayed continually for God to touch his heart and make him really happy. We prayed but did not say much to him about religious matters, leaving it all with the Lord. For three or four weeks previous, during the Sunday evening meetings here at the Mis-

sion, he had seemed especially affected, but it was not until Palm Sunday evening, when his friend of the faculty had charge of the meeting and had given us a splendid Gospel message, that, to our surprise, this young man came forward and threw himself down at the mercy-seat. Since then, joy and peace have filled his heart and although he has not been saying much about it, his life has been changed, so much so that through his influence the following Sunday evening a classmate of his gave his heart to God.

The other case is somewhat different. Just before college opened in the fall of 1915, our new Yale Y. M. C. A. secretary, Charles S. Campbell of Essex Fells, N. J., had arrived at Dwight Hall to take up his new duties. As the Yale Hope Mission is one of the Christian activities of Yale, I called upon him, welcomed him as a co-worker, and we discussed many things and particularly talked about our dormitory which was not quite as good as we wanted for the poor men that come to us. We engaged in prayer, especially remembering this cause, reminding the Lord that all the silver and gold was His, etc. There we left the matter with God, and less than three months later two young sophomores attended one of our Mission meetings, and when it was time for the men to go to their beds in the basement dormitory, they also went down to look things over. A few days later they were here again, and began to plan. The result of this visit was $1,500 to better conditions. Truly this was an answer to our prayer.

From the Rev. George L. Cooper,

Superintendent of the Bowery Mission, Ossining, N. Y.

In the summer of 1910, while I was Superintendent of the Ft. Wayne Rescue Home and Mission, Ft. Wayne, Ind., I was sitting in my office when a tall, rather good-looking lady, carrying herself very erect, dressed plainly but neatly and having a careworn and

anxious look on her face, came in and said the judge of the Circuit Court had told her to go and see Mr. Cooper at the Mission. After introducing herself, she began to tell me her trouble and the object of her call, which was to get her husband out of prison. It seems that Mr. S., while conducting a saloon in the city, had pulled a gun from under his bar and shot a man dead, for which he was sentenced and committed to our northern prison at Michigan City. I told her I could not then see my way clear to do anything for her husband toward getting him out of prison. I remember well how she turned to go out the door, saying: "My God, what shall I do?" This cry kept ringing in my ears. So one day, while in private prayer, my mind again turned to these two individuals, and I said: "Lord, if it is Your will that I should interest myself in this particular case, send her to me again." That afternoon my telephone rang and I was asked by another party if I would not see Mrs. S. again. I answered in the affirmative and made arrangements to meet her early that same evening. When she came I told her that I was convinced that it was God's will that I should take hold of her husband's case. She said: "Thank God, for answering my prayer." "Why," I said, "have you been praying for this to come to pass?" She said, "Yes, from the day I first came to see you, while I hardly know how to pray, I have been asking God to just make you interested in my dear husband." I said, "Well, He has answered your prayer. Now, I want you to join with me in prayer, in faith believing that God will go before me to the several jurors that pronounced Mr. S. guilty, and so prepare their hearts and minds, that when I ask each one to sign a paper recommending his immediate parole, they will, without any hesitation, do so. Also to go before me to the judge that sentenced him, and cause him to give me a letter to the Board of Parole, asking for his immediate release." There and then Mrs. S. and myself betook ourselves to

prayer, and in the name of Jesus we made these requests known to God. As we arose from our knees I said to Mrs. S., "It will not be long until you will have your husband home with you."

Were these prayers answered? Eleven of those jurors are yet alive, one dead. Each was glad to do it. The judge who sentenced Mr. S. gave the desired letter without a question. With this ammunition in my possession I proceeded to Michigan City, to meet the Board of Parole. The following day the man was paroled, and put in my charge. After his coming to Ft. Wayne I became much burdened about his soul, and again betook myself to prayer in his behalf. The burden of my prayer was, that the Holy Spirit would so convict him that he, without any solicitation on my part, would make a complete surrender of his life to God. Not more than a week passed by before who walked into the Mission but this same man. When I saw him coming, somehow I knew just what he wanted and that God had again answered prayer. The first thing he said was, "Mr. Cooper, I find I cannot get along without Jesus, and I do not know how to accept Him." That day he got a glimpse of Jesus, and learned the plan of salvation, and returned to his wife, a new creature in Christ Jesus, not only freed by the laws of the land, but free indeed. "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

From the Rev. J. H. Wyburn,

Superintendent of the McAuley Water Street Mission, New York, N. Y.

I could give you quite a number, but will only give you two or three.

One man, who had been a cook for many years and had also been a drunkard the best part of his life, came into Water Street on June 6, 1915. He gave his heart to God and was very earnest in his efforts to serve Him. He had a wife and seven sons from whom he had

been separated for twelve years. He tells us he and his wife would not even speak if they met on the street. After he had been converted about three or four months, one night, as he knelt to pray, his wife came into his mind, and he began to realize how wrong it was to have hatred in his heart. He began then and there to pray for her and for a reunion. He did not mention it to a soul but kept on praying.

One night, a few weeks later, when he stood up to testify, a woman in the service recognized him and was much surprised to see and hear him. She was a distant relative of his wife. Shortly afterward, she went to see his wife, and told her of his changed life, and one night as he was testifying the door opened and in walked this friend with the man's wife. It is needless to say he broke down, and as soon as he had finished, there was a very affecting scene as the two were reconciled. There is no doubt that God answered his prayer for he sought no human aid. Hs is now very happy with his wife, seven sons, a daughter-in-law, and a grandchild.

Another case which comes to my mind is that of a mother in Australia, who had seen ten of her children converted in answer to prayer. The eleventh, however, was the black sheep and was leading a life of sin in this country. She kept on praying and in some way she got hold of the book *Down in Water Street.*

It aroused a new hope in her breast and, without knowing the name of the present superintendent, she addressed a letter to the superintendent of the McAuley Mission, telling him about her boy and where he last worked. I got in touch with him, invited him down to Water Street, and on the occasion of his second visit he gave his heart to the Lord. The good news was sent home to the aged mother, and in due time another letter came, this time addressed to me, expressing her gratitude to God for answered prayer. With the joyful assurance that her family was complete in Christ, she went to her reward on January 1, 1916—and on July

20, 1916, the son celebrated the first anniversary of his conversion.

Many such happy incidents could be recorded, and we give God the glory for all.

From the Rev. J. Cowdre,

Superintendent of the Utica Rescue Mission, Utica, N. Y.

I am a great believer of prayer. First of all I will call your attention to an infidel who came into the Mission a few years ago. He was very much opposed to prayer. But after talking with him a few moments, he said, "You can pray for me," and before we got through praying, he cried out, "O God, have mercy on me, a poor lost sinner! Save me, for Jesus' sake." God did save him, there and then. He destroyed all of his infidel books and for many years lived a consistent, Christian life and died happy in the Lord at the age of seventy-six.

A drunkard was saved in answer to prayer. His little girl of eleven years of age brought him to the Mission. God saved him that night. He has not taken any intoxicating drinks since that time. Tobacco is gone with the rest, and all things have become new. When he came into the Mission he was down and out. He is a member of the Presbyterian Church. He is a painter and decorator and has a nice business with four men working for him. He is the owner of a house and very active in Christian work now.

From the Rev. Henry E. Prentice,

The Open-Door Mission, New York, N. Y.

I think it would be safe to say that cases of definite answer to prayer in my own personal life experience are almost numberless. However, let me give you two cases on different lines. Some months ago, a well-dressed, fine-looking man came into our meeting and

at the close I spoke to him as to his attitude toward Jesus. He in a very half-hearted manner intimated that he was a Christian; however, I feared that he was an unusual man, and we made it a matter of prayer, asking God to speak to him by His spirit, and send him to us again, or somewhere else, where he might again hear the blessed invitation of our Lord. Quite recently he again came to our meeting, and I went to him. He informed me that he was very unhappy and discouraged (of course made so through conviction of sin) and I persuaded him to come to the altar and receive Christ into his life. This he did and to-day he is a joyous Christian, confessing Jesus before men. This is I believe in direct answer to prayer.

Another case comes to my mind. As every Rescue Mission worker knows, we have our times of discouragement and disappointment, and such was our position some time since. I suggested in our prayer circles that we ask God to give us some special token of His love, to encourage us in our work with and for Him. Within forty-eight hours we received word from two men (who had started in the Mission, and whom we had almost forgotten), both through the mail, one from New Jersey and the other from Italy, both praising God that "Jesus saves." I might go on indefinitely giving cases of every description, showing how God does most graciously and wondrously answer the prayers of His own dear children. However, I think what I have given you above will suffice.

From the Rev. John N. Wolf,

Superintendent of the Beacon Light Mission, New York, N. Y.

Four years ago, two men, who have the welfare of Beacon Light Mission at heart, agreed that they would begin to pray definitely for a building, which long had been sorely needed. For months they prayed, but nothing happened. Then one day a piece of property on

Third Avenue was offered to the Committee of Management at a figure which seemed to be a real bargain. A movement was secured to start to raise the money necessary to take possession, and everything seemed to be going along splendidly, when suddenly the property was sold to another party for $2,000 more than was asked of us. Our plans were set at naught, and for the time being our movement for a building came to a standstill; but prayer was continued.

After a while, another piece of property, this time on 125th Street, was offered, and once again, after the committee had labored long and faithfully and the negotiations had been brought to a satisfactory issue, the way was blocked. It was rather a severe disappointment, but consolation was found in Romans 8:28, and prayer was continued.

Up to this time, through the generosity of the converts, and many kind friends, about $3,000 had been contributed and pledged; much of it coming in small amounts from poor people, at great sacrifice. At a meeting of the committee, feeling that we needed more money to enable us to do business, it was decided to pray for $5,000 in addition to that already in hand. It looked like a large request, yet within a month our prayer was answered, and a short time after, through the very hearty co-operation of Mr. A. S. Nichols, of the Harlem Board of Commerce, and through the generosity of two very kind friends, Beacon Light Mission was enabled to take possession of the 25 x 100, five-story brick loft building, at 2350 Third Avenue.

From the Rev. John Carroll,

Superintendent of the All-Night Mission, New York, N. Y.

I will cite the case of a man who, five years ago on the 27th of July, left prison. He was without hope or friends. He had been going out and coming into prison since he was twenty-eight years of age. I met

him often, and now he was coming to see me. We had quite a talk and then we prayed together. He was in a bad way as to health, so I had him entered in a hospital. He came back to me, and started to look for work; but work was hard to get, as he had never done any kind of work in his life, and when a man of over forty years tries to work for the first time, it is very hard. He had no one to speak for him, but I told him if he would trust and believe in God, some one would give him a chance. Well, I got a place for him at very small pay, and for over three years he worked for sixty cents a day, just to keep honest. He had been a very clever thief. But he was faithful and stuck to his work, and one day a man who had been watching him gave him a chance. A few years ago he went to work for a big concern at a fair salary. Last June a year ago, he married, and now has a beautiful home. Truly the Gospel of Jesus has been the power of God in my friend's life. Like the blind man, he knew that whereas he once was helpless, and could not keep honest, or out of prison, he now is strong.

From the Rev. D. J. Buxton,

Superintendent of the Union Gospel Mission, Solvay, N. Y.

If it were not for prayer I would not be in the Rescue Work, and I can truthfully say that those prayers are answered in many cases. There are many whom I have talked with God about who are now in the fold, and are doing good work for the Master. We are getting more souls by prayer than by the great talks that are given. When our Father sees that we have the lost souls on our hearts, and go and tell Him about them, He softens their hearts, so we can reach them through the Word. Oh! prayer is all in all to me, for without prayer I am lost.

From the Rev. Charles W. Simpson,

Superintendent of the Bridgeport Christian Union, Bridgeport, Conn.

Six years ago, the 22nd of June, John W. Larkin came into the Bridgeport Christian Union, after walking from New York City. The message he heard that evening was from Isaiah 1 : 18. Though brought up in ignorance and superstition, he had faith enough to take hold in prayer. God saved him that night, and though he went through some very dark days, awful temptations, and severe trials, through the power of prayer he has been kept steadfast. He served as an assistant superintendent at the Christian Union for about two years, then went to Mount Hermon School for a year, returned to serve as assistant superintendent for another year, then went to the Moody Bible School in Chicago, where he is now completing his second year. About six months after his conversion, he paid a visit to his mother in Brooklyn, went to every saloon to pay old bills, and through power of prayer returned safe and sound. Upon his second visit to his home, [illegible] old father to whom he had not spoken for fifteen years, returned a gold watch which he had put in pawn years and years before, and he came back to Bridgeport rejoicing in the power of God which had brought about the reconciliation in the home. It has been a hard struggle all the way, but he was so earnest that firing boilers, etc., has not been too hard work in his effort for a better education—all of this with the idea of telling men the power of God unto salvation.

Michael Ford came to the Bridgeport Christian Union May 2, 1910. He had worked and beaten his way from Florida. He made a religious start, had a happy conversion experience, did nobly for about five weeks, and then started to drink again. After a few days he was in the police court and sentenced to the county jail for ten days. We met him at the jail at the expiration of his sentence, brought him back to

the Christian Union, and that night he made a new start —June 24, 1910—since which time he has done nobly. He spent two years of this time in Jacksonville, Fla., and became a member of the Board of Directors in the City Mission there, and did much hospital and convict camp work. As he has said over and over again, it was all through the power of prayer, and hardly ever does he give his testimony which does not close with the words, "God is good."

From the Rev. David Reid,

Superintendent of the Hope Mission, Boston, Mass.

I could enumerate many remarkable answers to prayer, but I will relate only two.

The following incident occurred when Hope Mission was in its infancy, and when the struggle, financially, was exceptionally hard.

Not knowing where we could turn for help on this special occasion, we just laid the matter before the Lord in earnest, believing prayer. Next day a letter came from Rev. H. H. Harriman, who resides at present in Cambridge, Mass., which read as follows:

> "Dear Bro. Reid:
>
> "As I am under the strong impression that you are in need, I am sending you the inclosed check ($10.00), but whether you are in need or not it is yours to use as you see fit," etc.

Another incident I wish to relate was the remarkable conversion of Brother Grainger, who was recently made a licensed preacher by Ruggles Street Baptist Church, Boston, Mass. He had led a very dissipated life, and at the time of his conversion he had been on a four days' drunk, staying one of these nights in jail. The disgrace of this so weighed on his faithful wife's mind, that she told him she would not stay with him any longer. He promised her that morning of September 17, 1912, that he would go to his work, but the saloon won out. Later in the morning, having deter-

mined to end his life, he went to see his daughter Annie. When she saw him she wept, and told him she could not love him any more, unless he asked some Christian to pray for him, as he was breaking her mother's heart. He left her with that intention, and coming down Washington Street the word "Hope" on our transparency outside caught his eye, and he thought that some one there might pray for him. I had just got back from an errand when I saw him press the door-button. When I asked him what he wanted, he said, "I want some one who knows how to pray, to pray for my soul." We got in right away and were soon on our knees pleading with God. The Lord answered in a wonderful way, for God sobered him while on his knees in prayer, and took away the appetite for strong drinks, so much so that the smell of strong drink is nauseating to him now. Since that every member of the family has professed conversion. Surely this was the Lord's doing and we give Him the glory.

From the Rev. George Long,

Superintendent of the Inasmuch Mission, Philadelphia, Pa.

For me to testify to "Answered Prayers" is an easy matter. My whole existence for the past seven years has been a continuation of answered prayers. Beginning with my own regeneration, and in my restoration to health and strength and the work I have accomplished we have one example after another of answered prayer.

The Inasmuch Mission, which I have the honor to direct in Philadelphia, is an answer to prayer. I prayed for it when beginning my work in a little hovel. It came and has been the means of bringing thousands to God.

We depend almost entirely on prayer. Oftentimes we find a man we think will be a great aid in the work.

He is hard to convict or reason with. We pray for him. My wife and I prayed for a year for one young man to come to us and give himself up to God. One day he suddenly walked into our headquarters and I felt that my prayers had been answered. He said he was ready to give himself to the Lord. He did so and is doing a good share in the work. This is but one of many cases. We have many that "go back" and we pray for them and often get them back into the fold. We pray for guidance in our work and thus avoid mistakes.

Prayer is everything in my work. It has been the whole thing in my seven years of labor for Christ. I do nothing without taking it to the Lord in prayer and I have made few mistakes, none when I depend on guidance through prayer.

In working among the sinners and the human derelicts we urge prayer upon them. When we get them to praying continually, our work is easy; God takes them and leads them on to victory.

I believe in straightforward prayer. A studied and well-defined prayer is not always good in my belief; it is the prayer from the heart, rough and uncouth though it may be, but, withal, expressing the thoughts that are in our hearts, that counts and this we try to impress upon our converts.

From the Rev. J. S. Bennett,

Superintendent of the Central Union Mission, Washington, D. C.

A young fellow, dirty, poorly clad, half starved, and an unbeliever came to the Mission some months ago. Every night after the service we have a "supper," where anybody and everybody are welcome. This fellow sat through the service and at the invitation I asked him if he would like an introduction to Jesus. "Nothing doing, you are a big bunch of bluffs," he said. I invited him to eat—he accepted. Next night I sent another Christian to invite him to Jesus. Same

answer. This practice was continued for a week, when I went to him again, and asked him if he did not want to know my Jesus. And the answer was, no! That I would not be there, only for the money, etc. All the while three of us were praying for this fellow. One night I went to four more Christians, and asked them to pray while I gave the invitation, that God would soften his heart, they prayed, I told about Jesus, how precious he was to me, what he did for me, etc., then asked the Christians present to pray for one man whom I had in mind, to pray silently. Our man was really prayed out of his seat. He made a full surrender that night. We put him in the Converts' Dormitory and before he went to bed the Christians again had him praying. In the morning he again prayed, and in his prayer asked the Lord for a job. He got a job with a large auto firm in the repair department, and worked there for a few weeks, striving hard at night to get the other fellows for Christ. One day he came to me and said that the work was too heavy for him, and he wished he could get another position, so I told him to pray about it, and to trust God for all things. He prayed and God blessed him shortly after with a very good position as assistant to the engineer in a large hotel. To-day he is well dressed, well fed, has graduated from the Young Converts' Dormitory to a fine furnished room in the Mission, and best of all, he loves Jesus so much that he is trying hard each night to get others for Him. Many other such cases could I tell of, but this fellow was so impossible, having absolutely no use for either God or the devil, that I count his case one of the best for Jesus.

From the Rev. George S. Avery,

Resident Manager of Chester Crest, the New York Christian Home for Intemperate Men

"At "Chester Crest" we expect answers to prayer as we expect men to recover physical strength. The Holy

Spirit cannot deny Himself! "If ye abide in Me and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you" (John 15:7).

A young man came to us seven years ago. A "stowaway" from Liverpool. An infidel, a fighting, drunken Scotchman. In answer to prayer he was converted, sent to the Bible Institute, graduated, ordained by the Chicago Presbytery, and is a successful evangelist.

Prayer was answered on behalf of a man sent from Lowell, Mass. On his way to Mount Vernon he got off at Hartford, sold his overcoat, and drank up the money. After much trial he arrived, was converted to God. This young man when a boy was a member of Mrs. Avery's Sunday school class. For the past ten or twelve years his life has been exemplary.

Scores of men living in Greater New York have learned the way of life while at Chester Crest through preaching of Gospel and in answer to prayer.

From the Rev. John H. Hollis,

Superintendent of the John Faeger Mission, New York City, N. Y.

I will give you the case of a man who came into the Mission about three years ago. He was intelligent, a graduate of a college in Germany, but when he came to this country he began to be dissipated, so that when he came to us he was a complete wreck physically and morally, without either home or friends, dying in the streets of New York of consumption. In that condition he came to the Lord, and, as he has testified since that time, he was saved and has been kept by the grace of God. A short time after he came to the Mission he wrote to his aunt in Germany, a good Christian woman who had brought him up after the death of his mother. She replied that his conversion was no surprise to her, as she had been praying for him all these years, and had believed that God would answer her

prayers. Through the prayers of friends connected with the Mission the way was opened for him to go to a home for consumptives in Brooklyn. There he still is, happy and rejoicing in the goodness of God to him. This is one of the most striking instances of answer to prayer that has come to my notice during fifteen years of religious work.

In a meeting that was held by Rev. W. James for Christian workers in New York, among the speakers of the afternoon was a lady that was going to the foreign field. She made no mention in her address of her needs. In that meeting was a Christian gentleman that the Lord spoke to, and told him to give her one hundred dollars. They got into conversation during the lunch that was given and he told her that the Lord had told him to give her some money. She turned to him quickly, and said, "How much?" He replied and said, "One hundred dollars." She then called her sister, broke down, and cried, and, turning to the gentleman, told him she had received word from the Board under whom she was going out that unless she had one hundred dollars it would be impossible for them to send her, as their money was completely exhausted. The most remarkable part of this story is that the gentleman is not a wealthy man by any means, and this was the first time he was ever led to give this amount to foreign fields.

From the Rev. Frank Dippel,

Superintendent of the Brotherhood Mission, Philadelphia, Pa.

I am pleased to state that there is a number of cases of answer to prayer that I can cite. A young lady came to our Mission a year ago asking for prayer for her gentleman friend, who was a patient in the Philadelphia Hospital with tuberculosis of the lungs. Chris Balf, of Chicago, and I visited him. He was then in the Glass House and when we spoke to him about his

soul's salvation he was very indignant and told us he didn't care to hear about religion. He said, "I heard all that before, I don't care to listen, I wish to die as I have lived." He thought it would be wrong to ask God to help him after living a bad life. My friend, Mr. Balf, said, "We must go now, but I want you to pray for yourself. Promise me you will." "No, I will not," he said. As we were about to leave and say good-by, I said to him, "Can we have a short prayer before we leave?" He consented, but not willingly. After prayer we bid him good-by, and I said that "I was going to pray to God to reveal Himself in power to him." Sunday afternoon until Tuesday was apparently short. I was very anxious to see the man again and as I walked along the pathway to the Glass House, I saw him in the distance. When I was within a short distance I hailed him. He raised and waved his puny arm with a smile of welcome, and as I pulled my chair close to him he told me the experience he had on Sunday night. "I went to bed," he said, "rather early and went off into a sound sleep, when suddenly I awoke and there before me was nothing but space. Then another scene, a number of people on their knees praying for me, and in the corner of the room I saw the Lord Jesus Christ pointing to me. If ever I prayed I did then, and asked the Lord to forgive me my sins. I was awakened by the room inmates telling me to keep quiet. I asked what was the matter, and they told me I was keeping them awake because of my loud praying. I turned over and went to a sound sleep until a late hour in the morning. When I awoke I found the burden rolled away." I said, "John, that is what I was praying for that God would reveal Himself to you in power." The next visit I made I wanted to be sure he was saved, and I asked, "John, do you really believe that the Lord Jesus came into your heart?" "I do," said John; "yesterday I felt the pains coming, and while previously I would have cursed, I asked God to relieve me of the

pain, and in a short time I was fast asleep and no pain. I know I have the Lord Jesus in my heart."

From the Rev. Maurice Ruben,

General Superintendent of the New Covenant Mission, Pittsburgh, Pa.

I would mention a Jewish family who lived in Pittsburgh. The father had been killed and the mother with half a dozen children was in dire distress. She had wealthy relatives, but on account of marrying against their wishes, they held aloof from her. We had the privilege of aiding them in their distress. The mother was responsive to the Gospel, but the fifteen-year-old daughter did not take very kindly to the idea of believing in Christ. However, the mother was truly converted, and about two years later the daughter found peace in the Lord Jesus Christ. Later the family moved to Los Angeles and God certainly answered prayer, as all the members of the family yielded to Jesus Christ, some of them being in Christian work.

During our visit to the coast last year, Mrs. Myers received a call from a young Jew who had been struck by an automobile and who was dying in the hospital. She hurried to his bedside and he said, " You spoke to me about Jesus three years ago, and recommended me to accept Him as my personal Saviour. You also said that you would not cease to pray for me, and I want to tell you with my dying breath that your prayers are answered. I am bidding this world good-by, and I want you to know that this Son of Abraham is going to meet the Lord Jesus Christ, His Saviour."

From the Rev. P. H. McCarthy,

Superintendent of the Morning Star Mission, Joliet, Ill.

Five years and a half ago, a lady who lived up over the Mission told the neighbors that she was going to scald me and some of them told me about it. Then we prayed to God that He might save her. Six weeks

after, on a stormy Sunday evening, just seven or eight in the Mission service, I heard some one coming down the stairs. Soon this lady and her little boy entered, and took a seat. Then after speaking about sin and its consequences, and about Jesus and His love, I said, "If there is any one here that is in sin, and is having a hard battle in life, Jesus loves them, and can save them. If such a one is here will he signify it by the uplifted hand?" After a few moments of silence this lady raised her hand and I said, "Do you mean it?" She shook her head, but on her knees, her little boy beside her, she asked Jesus Christ to forgive her sins, and confessed Jesus Christ as her personal Saviour. Then I gave her a Bible, and a couple of Christian ladies put their arms about her, as she said, "For years my sister has b en praying for me and I thank God I am now a Christian."

In the work of the Mission we have never asked man, woman, or child for a cent. On one of the dark hours we went into our Gethsemane and prayed that in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, He would touch some heart that He might help us in our great need. Several minutes later, the door of the Mission opened and two gentlemen came in. One of them said to me, "How do you do, Brother McCarthy? I was over in my house reading when something told me to go over to McCarthy's Mission. I asked the coachman if he knew anything about the Mission, and he said you put a Bible in his home." Then he walked over to the coal bucket, and said, "Do you need any coal?" and I said, "No, brother, I thank you, the Lord just sent me a load yesterday." Then he said, "I want to help you. I am interested in you," and he opened his pocketbook and gave me a five-dollar bill. "I thank you for this, brother," I said. "I just asked God to touch some heart." And then I said, "Now let us get down and thank God," and we all got down on our knees, and I thanked God, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and prayed

that God would give this man a hundredfold. When he arose, he said, "If that is the way you feel about it, here's another five." The giver was C. S. Witwer, of Joliet Mfg. Company, and he is now President of the Board of Trustees. Prayer is the key that unlocks heaven.

Forty-four months ago, on our knees we asked God that we might be instructed in leading some soul to Jesus that day, and we make that prayer every morning, and God has never failed us. More than there are days in the whole forty-four months, God has wonderfully answered prayer. Prayer opens the prison door. A few years ago a minister of the Gospel committed a crime and was sent to jail. His friends all deserted him, and one day while visiting the prison I went to his cell, and said, "Brother, I came to see you; as a Christian, I've got to sympathize with the guilty. I cannot do anything for you, but there is One who can and that One is Jesus. If you will take His promise, Matthew 18:19, that promise is that they will never send you to the penitentiary, and that they will restore you to your family in England." He grabbed my hand and said, "God sent you to me." I visited him frequently in the jail. Then the trial came, the jury found him guilty and sentenced him to the penitentiary. The next day I went over to the jail to see him. As I entered the jail, the jailer started to laugh at me, and I said, "Brother, what's the matter?" He replied, "There is nothing in prayer. You've been praying for the preacher that they would not send him to the penitentiary and now they *have* sent him." I said, "Well, he isn't there yet," and he asked, "What do you mean?" I said, "I mean this, that God isn't dead." Then I went to see the preacher; he was discouraged, and disheartened, and nervous, and I said, "Brother, I thought you had faith. I believe in God and His promises, and I am sure that they are not going to send you to the penitentiary. I don't know how it's going to happen, but they are not going to

send you." Then I said, "Let us pray," and after we got up from our knees he grabbed my hand and thanked God for my faith. The lawyers found a flaw in the indictment, sued for new trial and it was granted. Five weeks after, I had a ticket for him to Bolton, England, plenty to eat to keep him on the way, and seven weeks after that I received a letter from him, that his family had received him, that he would never cease to pray for me and the Morning Star Mission.

From the Rev. Julius L. Cummings,

Superintendent of the Springfield Rescue Mission, Springfield, Mass.

There are a number of instances of God's answer to our prayers. Each case seems as wonderful as the next and it is truly difficult to use paper and ink to tell of such precious occasions of men's lives being redeemed in answer to prayer.

On a cold, bleak winter night, our dear old blacksmith wandered into our meeting, heard the Gospel, and we saw he had a vision of the better life. We had some seasons of prayer in his behalf, and on the third night he had the victory. For twelve years he was a living example to all who met him, he died in the triumphs of faith with several of our workers at his bedside. Only last night a prominent business man of the town referred to the influence of the blacksmith's life upon him.

One Sunday in our jail service a young lad asked for an interest in our prayers. We explained the Word to him and prayed for him daily until one blessed day he sent for me and told me that his peace was made with God. We obtained work for him and saw him steadily grow. After much prayer and many talks he felt called of God to start in school and study for the ministry. You can imagine what hard work he had when his education at the time was very limited. He finished the course and after graduation was sent

to a field in Alaska. He was greatly loved and we have heard that he was the means of leading three hundred to the Master.

From the Rev. Levi Johnson,

Pastor, Men's Resort, Portland, Ore.

I am thinking of one very clear answer to prayer. A young married man living in an Eastern city left his wife and one-year-old baby girl, came West expecting to better their fortunes. For a time he wrote home regularly, but when he got out of work, and had nothing to send them, he quit writing. He drifted from place to place for two years, became discouraged and lost hope of seeing his wife and baby again. The wife, mother, and a brother met in the city on the Atlantic to ask God to save and send back the wanderer. That night he came into the Men's Resort in Portland, on the Pacific, and God saved him. He immediately sent a letter home and received a telegram in reply which read, "Thank God prayers answered. All well here." That is two years ago. He is living with that wife and baby now in a happy Christian home.

From the Rev. Henry H. Kratzig,

Superintendent of the Union Mission, Norfolk, Va.

In reference to the part that prayer occupies in my work, we have many such cases where men have come through the efficiency of prayer. One case of a physician who came to our Mission off and on for a year. He had sunk very low, and had become a hobo, and connected with thieves. The day he came we had special prayer for him. That day he sawed wood for a second-hand clothier, for the price of a drink. On Saturday night, October 16, 1915, we had a special meeting at midnight. Our prayers were answered, that night the physician came forward at the invitation and made a complete surrender. He worked in our

kitchen for three months, washing dishes, and whatever else his hands could find to do. So we prayed definitely that he would be placed somewhere in his profession. God answered our prayer. To-day he is a resident physician in a hospital in a nearby town. I have just received a letter that he has also opened a drug store. Best of all, this man never lets an opportunity go by without speaking about Jesus, and his opportunities are great.

From the Rev. A. H. Leaman,

Superintendent of the Home Mission, Chicago, Ill.

I am more than pleased to speak of the wonderful power of prayer. In our work we are constantly brought face to face with problems we cannot solve. But in prayer God works wonderfully.

I am reminded of the answered prayer for a family. The father was a drunkard, and abused his family by not providing for them and clubbing them like brutes. We came in touch with the family through one of the little girls coming to Sunday school. We found a way to the home and God blessed our efforts. We took the matter to God in prayer. God touched the heart of the father, and he was converted. Soon the family came. God saved the family of six. The oldest girl is doing Mission work in India. The second girl is a loving wife, and devoted mother to four beautiful children. All are members of the church.

From the Rev. J. David Fraser,

Superintendent of the Welcome Hall Mission, Montreal

Here is a man over sixty years old, hard-faced and evidently in the midst of a long debauch, separated from his wife and family because of his drunken habits; called on the Superintendent for help, received what he asked, knelt down and prayed for himself; after rising from his knees expressed a saving faith in

Christ. I am thankful indeed to have a Gospel which is strong enough and tender enough to go to the very mouth of hell itself and claim a victim for God.

On a Sunday night in November, 1902, a woman came into the Mission; perhaps she was forty-five years of age, but looked sixty years old. She told the Superintendent that she had walked the streets all night on Saturday night. It had been raining, and she was wet and cold and homeless. I told her of the love of Christ, and asked her to remain in our meeting. She did. I invited her to come to the altar, and prayer was offered for her salvation. She cried, "O God, to think that I have fallen so low—old and gray, a sinner." Oh, how humbly she confessed her whole life of wrong-doing to Christ, and passed out of bondage into liberty. To use her own words, some days later, "When I awoke in the morning my first thought was where can I get five cents to get a drink? Now all is changed. My first act is to praise God for deliverance." To-day she is redeeming the time as a much-valued servant of Christ, and has been the instrument in God's hand in leading others to Him. Out of the tragedy of sin and shame she had emerged by the grace of God.

On October 26, 1902, a man came into the Mission. We will call his name Pat for short. Oh, what a specimen of manhood—short and dirty! It was about seven-thirty o'clock Sunday evening. He asked the Superintendent, "Where is my wife?" The Superintendent could not give him the information he wanted. He asked for a pair of eyeglasses that he might read. He was furnished with the glasses. He was asked to remain to the meeting. One of the workers sat beside him to keep him quiet as he sat in the Mission, singing in stentorian tones. What a voice, what a man—drunk and dirty. He went out two or three times during the meeting. At the invitation of those who would accept Christ, he came forward and cried out, "O God, save me, save me." On Christmas Day he called on the Superintendent, happy, well-clad, respectable,

and his good wife and family are now sharing in his joy and triumph. Somehow we feel that this man's testimony is all the answer needed to the question, Does it pay to run Rescue Missions?

There arrived in the city of Boston, in 1873, a young man from a happy home in Nova Scotia, who was employed by a grocery firm in said city. He began to take a glass of beer with the boys, and in 1876 took Horace Greeley's advice: "Go West, young man." I was that young man, and arrived in Nebraska in the fall of the same year. April, 1877, started for Black Hills, but only went as far as Cheyenne, Wyo., and there opened a grocery and commission house. Prospered from the start. In a short time I would go into saloons and gambling dens. Began to neglect my business at this time. Wine suppers were in order. September, 1891, I arrived in Montreal, and for nearly three years I drank all the time, until June 12, 1894. A poor wreck of a man; the play of my life was over, and the lights were burning out. See what a miracle God can do! Eleven and a half years ago, friendless—how humiliating it seems to own it now! Dissipation had separated me as with a wall of fire from those I knew in better and happier days. God knows how I struggled with all my energy of despairing and shattered manhood to better my condition, but every avenue was shut and barred against me. Aimlessly stopping with tears and anguish to look into the windows where the bright, warm light shone over happy home circles—as far from me as the gates of Paradise. Oh, the misery of it! In all this broad, generous world to have no friend, no home, no money, fearing arrest if one stood or sat, and the longing for the gray dawn and the opening of some saloon, for in such cases the saloon is the only home the unfortunate can have, as long as he is not too shabby and behaves himself. How like a hideous nightmare it all seems now—how far away, thank God! Don't wonder when your eyes glancing over the daily paper, so often carelessly, rest upon the words, "Found

Drowned." They may convey no impression to you, but there is a life's history behind these two words. The story of a wrecked and ruined life. A story of heart-breaking failure and despair. To me these words have a terrible signification. I cannot read them without a shudder and an offered thanksgiving to God for His deliverance. Now, judged from every standpoint of human wisdom, every-day experience, and the opinions of sensible, matter-of-fact men, what possible hope of escape is there for a wreck? Circumstanced as I have described none, absolutely none! No one believes in him: if he has any one sufficiently interested in him to think of him twice, it is only with a sigh of pity, and a "Poor fellow, he can't keep sober a day." He is gone.

Behold the change! A comfortable and happy home where Christ reigns, a loving Christian wife, the sweetest little boy, a beautiful daughter, and this is the homeless, wretched wanderer of only eleven and a half years ago. What wrought the change, the miracle? Dr. Susan G. Dougall invited me to Welcome Hall, June 12, 1894. I went away a saved man, and comforted "as one whom his mother comforteth so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted." I think few believed in my sincerity, and most waited to see me fall. But my meat and drink, my capital in business, my corner-stone and sheet-anchor have been these words: "In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths."

This promise has stood me in good stead these eleven and a half years. If some helpless man drifts across your way, treat him kindly. There is many a man who has not been treated kindly; and if he had, there might have been the making of a man in him. In the name of Jesus Christ, do get him on his feet. God is able to make him stand. God bless the founder of Welcome Hall Mission, Mr. T. B. Macaulay. The poor tramp who eleven and a half years ago, without hope, without friends, with nothing on earth, is the one who writes these lines.

Mrs. J. Davis Fraser, the wife of Mr. Fraser, Superintendent of Welcome Hall, writes:

Coming back to our Mission this fall my prayer was, "Lord, use me in winning souls as never before." At our first mothers' meeting, while I was speaking to the women, I collapsed, and from that day grew worse. I sent for a doctor, and followed his directions to the letter; the trouble was my stomach, which affected my heart. I could take nothing solid, not even liquids; in fact, a spoonful of milk brought on palpitation and chills. It seemed strange that I should be laid aside while longing to work, but there was a lesson for me. My prayer was, "Lord, use me." He had to get me ready. On the 18th of September, expecting any moment to leave this world, my little girl came to me crying and said, "Mamma, you said if I would believe Jesus He would make you better." At that time I was feeling so weak, I thought I would have the doctor sent for, and perhaps he might give me something to strengthen my heart, but when I looked at the hour I knew the doctor would not be in. Just then some One said, "You can't get your doctor; why don't you telephone Me? You say, 'My spirit, soul, and body, Jesus, I give to Thee,' but you never gave Me your body." I said, "Lord, if You show me healing in the Atonement I'll take it." By the way, I was afraid of Christian Science, or anything outside of the Blood. When my husband came up I asked him if he would show me "healing in the atonement." He got his Bible and read me Isaiah 53:5, "With His stripes we are healed." I didn't think very much about that, as I had always taken it for my soul. Then he turned to Matthew 8:16, 17: "And healed all that were sick, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the Prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities and bore our sickness." As he read the latter part of that verse I saw it; I saw healing in the Blood; I presented my body a living sacrifice; took Him as the Saviour of

my body. In a moment I was healed. I, like the women we read of, felt in my body I was healed. I told my husband I was healed. We both prayed and praised. During the night I felt hungry. I hadn't been downstairs for days. I got up and went down, had something to eat, then went back to bed and slept well. In the morning went down and had my breakfast—in fact, did all my work, ate three meals, went down to the meeting at night, played and sang. To God be all the glory. I have told of my healing, but to describe the "infilling" is impossible—Christ became so real. I thought I knew Him before, but never in the loveliness that He has since been to me, and I can say to His glory, that He has used me more and more. "Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and all that is within me." "Who forgiveth all thy iniquities. Who healeth all thy diseases."

CHAPTER X

TESTIMONIES OF ANSWERED PRAYER

A Wonderful Experience in Answered Prayer *

In 1870, living at Redcar, England,—I had just married and moved there and knew practically nobody,—I felt constrained to promote the holding of an evangelistic meeting, and engaged J. S. Scroggie for the purpose, who was working under the auspices of Lord Polworth. My salary was modest, and I was not quite sure as to the expense of the meeting, but I went ahead and engaged the use of Central Hall (formerly R. R. station), and published handbills, announcing the dates of the meeting and the name of the evangelist, and calling preliminary meetings for four nights previous. I did not speak to a single individual on the subject, for the simple reason that I did not know any one. I may explain here that after the meeting two gentlemen came up to me voluntarily and in each case handed me a check as a contribution toward the expenses. The two together came within three or four dollars of the expenses I had incurred.

I committed the management of the preliminary meetings entirely to the Lord in prayer, and on the first evening walked down to the hall, having told my wife that I proposed to open it with a certain hymn, mentioning it. She asked me what I would do about get-

* Mr. Bowron, the contributor of this experience, is President of the Gulf States Steel Company.

ting some one to play the organ and lead the singing. I said if the way opened I would get some one, and if not I would do it myself.

As I walked into the building I heard a man's powerful voice singing this particular hymn, accompanied by an organ. I knocked on the door, and in response to the call, "come in," I entered and found Mr. Shiel, a steamship owner, singing and accompanied by a young lady on the organ. I said to them, "The Lord has sent me here to ask you if you will play the organ, and lead the singing, during the preliminary meetings to be held here this week." They promptly accepted.

About the year 1868, Thomas Whitwell asked me if I would accompany him on a certain day to Whitby, as he was going there to address the Y. M. C. A. and stir it into greater activity. I agreed. He lived at the northern end of the city and was accustomed to take a train leaving from the North Stockton station, which went direct to Whitby. I lived near the South Stockton station and would naturally take a train from that point, meeting his and stopping at Picton Junction, where it would have been due for me to change trains.

Upon the appointed day, I was moved by some impulse to take the train from the North Stockton station and he to take the train from the South Station. I had expected to meet him and was disappointed, and finding myself alone in the compartment of the first-class railway carriage, I said to myself, "What am I going to Whitby for? It seems a waste of time, as I have nothing in prospect," and I kneeled on the floor of the apartment and asked the Lord to give me something to do at that meeting. This was No. 1.

At Picton Junction, I looked out to see if perchance

I might see Mr. Whitwell. As a matter of fact, he was in the other train and forgot that he was in the one which went no further and he looked out the other side of his train and did not see me. He sat still and I went on in a minute or two. Finding that he did not join me, and that I was going into Whitby alone, I reflected that I had never been there in my life and did not know any one there; I had not the faintest idea where to go, or whom to ask to find out the meeting (and in those days Y. M. C. A. meetings were not as well known or conspicuous as they are now). I then asked the Lord to direct me in some way, so that I might find the meeting before it was too late. This was No. 2.

As the train pulled into Whitby station, I opened the carriage door and stepped down as two young men walked straight up to me, holding out their hands and said, "Have you come to visit the Y. M. C. A.?" This was a remarkable answer to No. 2.

I replied, "I have." Then they said, "Where is Mr. Whitwell?" At this moment, a R. R. porter approached, handing these gentlemen a telegram from Mr. Whitwell, saying he had unfortunately been left behind at Picton Junction, had tried to get a special engine to come on but could not obtain one, and to do the best they could. They turned to me and said, "You must conduct the meeting in his place." This was a remarkable answer to No. 1.

As I had never up to this date conducted any Y. M. C. A. meeting away from home, I then offered a silent petition for ability to do such a thing, which was No. 3. I talked to those people and sang to them, and when I sat down looked at my watch and saw to my amaze-

ment that I had spoken forty minutes, which was an answer to No. 3.

The next morning I went to Mr. Whitwell's house to tell him of my experience, and he had entirely forgotten that he had asked me to accompany him. Before I began to speak he told me of his misadventure, and how, if he had been there, he intended to say thus and so. "Well," I said, "you need not grieve over it, because that is just what I told them myself last night," and he was greatly astonished.

A few years ago in the South Highlands Presbyterian Church Sunday School, at Birmingham, Alabama, prayers were asked for the child of the superintendent, Mr. W. G. Oslin, supposed to be critically ill. I was permitted to lead the supplication on behalf of the school in the interest of the child, and a day or two afterward my inadequate faith was rebuked when the father told me that the fever broke and the child commenced to recover from the very hour of the offering of our petition.

Of course it is easy for any one to say that these are coincidences, but to my mind they are like many other things that have occurred in my life, evidences of the direct answer of the Lord to His children. I may add that in 1894 my youngest daughter, about seven, after seven weeks of wasting fever was so far reduced that our family physician, after holding consultation with another, warned me that it was hardly possible to suppose that she could survive until the next day. Up to that time my wife and I had been praying for her recovery, and when this announcement was made to us, we ceased to offer that request, and together asked the Lord that His will might be done, either one way

or the other; that if it were possible she might be spared, and if not that we might have grace and patience to accept His will with resignation, and even with thanksgiving.

From that day she turned, and recovered steadily, despite the expectations of the physicians.

Birmingham, Ala. JAS. BOWRON.

SUCCESS IN ANSWER TO PRAYER

Out of love and gratitude to my Heavenly Father, I will give you this experience of mine which is true in every detail.

About the first of October, 1895, I had been living in a certain city in Connecticut, and employed in a certain factory at nominal wages, too small for a man of my age at that time, but I was getting a course of necessary training and experience that offset the small wage.

Conditions became too severe on my nerves, with the great driving to get the required amount of completed work done daily, and to help the "other fellow" in moving work, the same as he did for me when necessary. It got so that I became desperate, owing to the pressure, and the only relief was a good home with my parents, brothers, and sister; plus a very congenial company of associates in our Methodist Church, who made me feel so welcome and at home with them.

I finally corresponded with other firms in the same business in the view of changing to another line of work and in a short time was in correspondence with factories in Indiana, Ohio, and New York State. While that was pending, I received a letter from a factory in Boston, which stood the highest in name and reputation of them all, and father said, "That is the best for you;

you will learn the most there, and in beginning, if you just earn your board and general expenses, it will be well;—and not too far from home, if anything goes wrong." I went to Boston, and was there just three months, when another opening came to me to come to Maine, and have been here ever since.

The last half hour before leaving home in Connecticut, I spent alone in my room in prayer, asking for guidance and divine help, in the new unknown future before me; and for blessing on my loved ones I was leaving.

In looking for a message in answer to my prayer, I opened my Bible and just happened (?) to cast my eyes on these words: "But arise, and stand upon thy feet, for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I have appeared unto thee" (Acts 26: 16).

I have good reasons in my experience to know that this was of my Lord's doings for my good and welfare, at that time, and in other times since. My grateful thanks and appreciation to Him for this, and I am in His service for what little good I may do to the honor and glory of His Name. J. E. K.

Augusta, Me.

Prayed for a Son's Recovery

I wish to express my gratitude for answered prayer in my son's behalf. During the summer I requested you to pray for him to be healed of liver and kidney trouble. To-day I received a letter from him saying he is well. Mrs. N. M. S.

Seattle, Wash.

God Heard and Answered

Some time ago I sent in a request asking your prayers for a revival meeting to be held in this place. We had a glorious meeting and many were brought to Christ, and a great deal of good was done. Thanks be to God through whom it was done.

Medford, Ore. A. E. L.

Prayer Saved a Mother's Life

Prayer is one of man's great privileges, although we do not realize it as much as we should. My mother has been very sick and was taken to the hospital to undergo an operation. On her way to the operating room, she prayed to God to spare her, or take her unto Him, if it was His will. I also prayed that my mother be spared to me, and I stayed with her three nights. My prayer was answered and my mother is getting along nicely. G. A. H.

Charlton City, Mass.

Her Faith Justified

I know that it was only through prayer and faith that I have my present position, which is one of the best, and also through prayer that I found a way through a very serious and trying experience, lasting over a period of about four years. It is really miraculous the way God has silently brought about an adjustment of serious problems against strong opposition.

New London, Conn. E. L. W.

The Answer Came

I sent in a request for prayers, it was a case of life or death. I was surprised when the answer came. My

whole life would have been spoilt, if I had not got an answer to the prayers of my dear ones.

Folsom, Calif. M. E. S.

Wonderful Answers to Prayer

Upon two occasions I have had wonderful manifestations of God's power in answer to *prayer.*

The Scripture which says, "And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear" (Isa. 65:24), was indeed verified. Mrs. J. E. H.

Lead, Mass.

Fever Conquered Through Prayer

My sister was very ill with fever. God heard and answered our prayers. She was made well without the aid of medicine, for which we are very grateful to God. He never refuses to hear us, when we pour out our hearts' desire in believing prayer.

Senoia, Ga. I. E. Addy.

Eye Trouble Cured Through Prayer

He that cometh to God, must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. I can testify to the truth of answered prayer.

About four years ago, when something started to grow over my eye, becoming quite uncomfortable, I asked my workman what he thought about it and he said, it looked quite bad. If he were in my place, he would go to a doctor. I made up my mind and I went to the heavenly Physician in prayer, and I was

healed. I took for my standpoint the words of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer believing, it shall be granted unto you," and I was healed. JOSEPH ALCOCK.

Southampton, Mass.

WHAT PRAYER DID FOR ONE WOMAN

Do I believe in prayer? I most assuredly do and have great reasons for doing so.

July 24, 1914, I underwent a very serious operation, which was of such an unusual nature that it brought me to the brink of the grave. Having received the surgeon's verdict as to the only way of prolonging my life, I cannot tell you my feelings. And in my heart, I bitterly rebelled against the fate of going through such an operation. Two days before the time set for the operation, I spent in prayer. And strange as it may seem to some, when the dreaded day came, a strange calmness, a grand resignation overcame me and I was given the anesthetic without a fear or a tremor, so much so that one of the physicians said, "You are not at all afraid, are you? Anyway you don't show it."

The operation was a success. I was at the hospital almost five weeks. I came home feeling fine. Just two months after the operation, I was able to resume my beloved study of music. Two months after I came home, while in the act of helping my sister unhitch the horse, as I made a reach up for a part of the harness, I hurt my back and side and was struck with such intense pain that I almost fainted. Again I went to bed for two weeks.

This spring, while en route to Decatur on train, I was

severely injured, having broken several ribs and otherwise injured, and again was placed on a bed of intense pain and suffering. September 12th, again I was hurt picking peaches. Why does God permit all these sad days to come my way? All for the reason He the Great Master wants to draw me closer to Him.

You will pardon one more very interesting incident in my life which I think of too great importance to omit. In September, 1915, my side again troubled me. I went to the surgeon who this time informed me I had appendicitis and must be operated upon soon. It was then I wrote the following letter to *The Christian Herald:*

"Dear Christian members, pray for my complete recovery and restoration. About a year ago I underwent a serious operation and I lingered in the valley of the shadow. God mercifully gave me partial health; yet, oh, I long to be entirely well. Will not the dear praying people unite in prayers with mine, as I each day also pray for them that God will take away this misery in my side never again to return? I believe in God's power to heal. Life means so much to me. Will you not send a petition to the great Physician in my behalf?"

This letter, I am happy to say, was wonderfully answered and I was cured without the surgeon's knife. I certainly believe in the power of prayer. I never knew before how to sympathize with one sick at the hospital, now I know it. I never knew what it meant to cling to Christ until Divine help was assured and given and prayers in reality answered, now I know it.

Blue Mound, Ill. EMMA ZITTRELL.

Cholera Conquered by Prayer

I send you a specific answer to prayer, as told to me, by the father of a family I knew, in a few weeks after it occurred. It was in the 70's, when the Asiatic cholera was in many Kentucky towns. This family was living at that time in a little village in Marion Co., Ky. The father, who was a humble Christian man, an elder of the Presbyterian Church in the place where he lived with wife and two children, a boy about twelve years old and a girl younger. The wife and daughter fell victims to the dread disease, and the son was violently attacked. The father saw his son on the brink of the grave, and he told me that there, alone, he knelt at his son's bedside and prayed earnestly to God to save his son's life. While on his knees, there was a thrill of happiness that came into his heart, that assured him his prayer was answered. A few minutes afterward, two doctors appeared and looked at the boy and told the father to prepare for the burial of his son, that he would be dead in less than an hour. He told them no, that the boy would get well. If every doctor on earth had said the child would die, he would not have believed them. The doctors went off and told some of his neighbors to see after him as his troubles had crazed him. The boy got well and grew up a strong, healthy man, and the father was not crazy as the doctors thought. J. E. Cox.

Lebanon Junction, Ky.

Soul Peace in Answer to Prayer

In more than sixty years of a greatly varied life I have long ago learned to look for answers to prayer.

Often being long delayed, even to the extent of many years, my prayers have been answered in the fullness of His great loving heart, in His own good time. Often, the answer comes as on wings of light, and I am humbled and thankful for His everlasting goodness and mercy.

Only two hours previous to my receiving your letter, in a season of great excitement and danger in the home, when I felt myself powerless to quell the disturbance and avert the danger, I sent as an arrow a prayer for help, and in a moment I saw its effect in the lessening of the power of evil, and the succeeding calmness as the storm abated and passed by.

The most wonderful and impressive answer to prayer of my entire experience is so very personal that I have spoken of it to but few. All through my early life, my constant aim was to live a Christian life. I endeavored to be earnest and faithful. From early childhood, my life has been an ever-shifting scene of bereavement, sorrow, and trouble, poor health added its burden; yet amid all, I was continually looking up for help to bear all with Christian fortitude. For many years I was continually haunted with the fear that I was not a Christian. I longed and prayed for a personal knowledge of that "peace that passeth understanding." Often midnight found me on my knees praying for that which I so ardently desired. After more than ten years of unrest, one never-to-be-forgotten night, I went to sleep and enjoyed unbroken rest till morning, when a vivid sense of some one bending above me was so strong as to awaken me. As I opened my eyes the room was filled with a wonderful light, gloriously bright, and just above me, a form in glistening robes

of purity with hands outstretched as if in blessing. Perfect peace filled the room, and my own heart felt its power. Slowly the vision faded. I could only rest speechless for a while. My life was so sweetly influenced by this wondrous experience. More than forty years have passed and now at sixty-five, its influence is still upon me, strengthening and supporting. Who can say it was not in answer to prayer?

Amherst, Mass. MRS. N. A. HUGHES.

HER DEAR ONES SAVED IN ANSWER TO PRAYER

My mother and sister were both at death's door, in fact were about given up by the doctors. I cried unto the Lord to spare their lives. He heard my cry and attended unto my prayer.

The age of miracles is not past and I praise His name for His great mercy and for the manifestation of His power. K. McC.

Westfield, N. J.

SAVED IN FINANCIAL DISTRESS BY PRAYER

I believe prayers are answered. I believe my prayers have been answered within the last two weeks. I pleaded with God to relieve me of financial distress. When I got my mail in the morning, I received a letter giving the relief asked for.

Years ago, I was in New York. I attended the noon prayer meeting in Fulton Street. When the call was made for prayers for one's self or friends, I made a request that I might stop the tobacco habit. At my home, during the next Sunday evening services, the preacher in his sermon remarked that the land in the

State he had visited got to be so poor that it had even rejected tobacco. From this time on for two years and fifteen days I held steadfast. My downfall came like this: I received a telegram from a friend in New York who was going to Boston. He was to be held up in Bridgeport for some time, so he asked me to meet him and entertain him. During the entertainment he kept urging me to have a smoke. I kept off for a while. Finally we went into a cigar store and I got a cigar, carried it in my hand, got it into my mouth, and soon I was smoking. Then it was all off. I was certainly helped by the Lord all through. J. W. T.

Stratford, Conn.

Wanted to Test the Power of Prayer

I can give an instance of direct answer to prayer in my own life, which occurred away back in 1884. My husband was an inveterate tobacco chewer and although he had tried several New Years to break off, he never could.

In the summer of 1884 I attended a Holiness meeting held in North Conway, N. H., by Dr. Charles Cullis. In the course of the meeting they had requests for prayer gathered up, and very earnest prayer was offered for each request. One morning I prepared a request for a "man who was bound by the tobacco habit." I did so to *test* the power of prayer so I might know if God could and would really answer prayer. I had *no* faith myself that anything would ever lead my husband to break the habit. I did not tell a soul of what I had done, so it was between God and myself.

There were just two requests that morning for that habit. After I returned home (my husband did not go to the meetings) that night, after family prayer, my husband went to the door as he very often did and threw out the quid, and I had not said a word to him about what I had done, so I kept quiet, and in a day or two my husband asked me if I had noticed anything strange in him. I said I had noticed he seemed kind of irritable at times. He then told me he had left off his tobacco as he made up his mind the night I returned, when he was on his knees in prayer, that he would see if he was any longer going to have tobacco for his master. But still he wanted it, and as we had a few friends who had attended those meetings at that time staying in the neighborhood, he thought he would go to them for further advice. He went over and they knelt around him and laid hands on his head and prayed the appetite would be taken away, which it was from that time on.

Then I told my husband *my* little part and he believed as I did that it was a direct answer to Dr. Cullis' prayer. A Believer in Prayer.

Brattleboro, Vt.

A Pastor's Life Saved by Prayer

The Rev. Charles Ewell Craik, dean of Christ Church Cathedral, Louisville, Ky., while driving an automobile to church on September 24, 1916, was struck by an electric car, terribly bruised, suffered a fracture of the skull and concussion at the base of the brain. He remained unconscious seventy hours. Prayers, by a united congregation in his church, were

offered for his recovery, at a special service, called for the purpose. Although no hope, scarcely, had been held out for his recovery, owing to his terrible injuries, he has recovered consciousness, and now, eight days after the accident, he has rallied and his recovery is expected. C. F. HUHLEIN.

Louisville, Ky.

ANSWERED MANY OF HER PRAYERS

I have found that our God hears and answers prayer, for He has answered so many of mine, that it would fill a book if they should be all recorded. I will always be a faithful witness for him. MRS. G. LOHR.

Stamford, Conn.

CURED OF THE DRINK HABIT

I am a firm believer that God does hear and answer prayers. He has answered many for me. I prayed earnestly that He would cure my son of the drink habit, and He very graciously answered my prayers. Last summer, the same son lay at the point of death with typhoid fever and I prayed earnestly to God and He restored him to health. MRS. S. E. R.

Hampden Sidney, Va.

SAVED BY PRAYER FROM A BAD INVESTMENT

What I believe was one of the most direct answers to prayer was as follows: A land agent had talked my husband into making a part payment on some land in a distant State—in fact it was part of a swamp, as we

afterward found out. My husband thought it would be a better climate for my health, as it had been highly recommended; but it meant leaving my people and I never felt right about the deal. I prayed earnestly that somehow things would be made clear to us. In a few days my husband received a letter from an old friend, whom he had not seen or heard from for twelve years. He was near the very spot my husband had bought land. He had written to my husband's old address and secured our present address. He wrote that it was the worst place he had ever been in, and upon inquiry, he found out for us that the land we bought was from a fraudulent concern, so we were saved from loss by engaging help in making them refund our payments. I shudder now at the narrow escape we had. MRS. R. S. WATKINS.

Tyler, Tex.

PRAYER SOLVED HER HARD PROBLEM

I have been blessed many times by answered prayers. At one time we were very anxious that a certain thing should be accomplished. It looked very dark. I said, "I will pray for it to be done." I went and knelt down and asked for help. The words came to me, "*I* will deliver you." I arose praising Him, and the work was finished at the time required and was put on exhibition.

There are *many, many* more times that *He* has answered my prayers for dear ones and in some cases for those I have never seen. I do not know what I should do if I could not carry everything to Him in prayer. MRS. C. A. F.

Hyde Park, Mass.

Saved from Drink Through Prayer

I had a son-in-law who was given to drink. I took it to God in prayer, pleading that he might be saved from this curse. To-day he is now a strong advocate for temperance and an official member of the Methodist Church. Prayer has been my greatest support for sixty-one years, and I hope to enter heaven by prayer.

Crisfield, Md. Jacob Blullen.

A Factory Girl's Reliance on Prayer

At a prayer meeting in First Baptist Church, Philadelphia, September 13th, I related an incident that happened forty-five years ago. In the great Androscoggin Mills at Lewiston, Me., there was a little frivolous factory girl. She was thoroughly saved from the dance hall and all sinful pursuits. For several weeks, while she was faithful and joyous in all our prayer and praise services, she, as well as her many friends, was constantly taunted and teased by the others saying to her: "Oh! she will never hold out; she will soon give up and be back again in the dance hall." But I believe the Lord inspired the factory girl with this sweet little song which she composed; and one evening she came to our prayer and praise service and at the close she sang these words:

"Some say I'll soon give up.
You shall see: you shall see.
Some time has passed away
Since I began to pray.
I love the Lord to-day:
Bless His name: bless His name."

As the last strain of the song died away, we could hear sobs in all parts of the crowded hall, and handkerchiefs were wiping scores of weeping eyes, and many were asking, "What shall I do to be saved?"

Philadelphia, Pa. A. P. HOUGHTOLING.

PRAYER AVERTED FINANCIAL RUIN

I do believe strongly in answered prayers, for I have had many answered myself.

Four years ago I was on the verge of financial collapse. I was in the retail drug business in the town of Shuqualak, Miss. I had a large family to support. Business grew very dull. I was in debt, I mortgaged our home for all it was worth. Matters grew worse, I saw our home was doomed.

I prayed night and day. I prayed fervently for the good Lord to show me a way, that I might not be without a home. I had always craved for a little farm home.

About that time the new A. T. & N. R. R. was being built. The town of Geiger was on a boom. There was a distribution sale of town lots to be held. Fifteen hundred of them. As a special inducement a 160-acre farm, well improved, was included. The day of drawing came. Being near my old home where I was born and raised, I went down to the drawing, more to mingle with my old friends than anything else. When I arrived they were auctioning off some delinquent chances. I happened around and bid on one and it was knocked down to me at a reduced price. There were no blanks. I knew I would get a lot of some description. Soon after dinner the drawing began. In less than twenty

minutes my name was called and I drew the 160-acre farm and returned home the same day rejoicing, for I had gotten exactly what I had been praying for all my life—a nice little farm well improved. I paid $70.00 for the chance and received $75.00 for my portion of rent that year. So I had a home and a farm and $5.00 in money given me by my heavenly Father. The whole State of Alabama can vouch for what I tell you. I am now living on my gift and the good Lord has been with me and my family. B. T. Jones.

Geiger, Ala.

Has Had Many Prayers Answered

I have been healed myself a number of times and have had, time and again, definite answers to prayer for various things. I feel I wouldn't be safe to live one day without prayer. I keep my hope and trust fixed in God by prayer. Mrs. M. J. H.

Grafton, W. Va.

Back from the Gates of Death

I must tell you of one time when prayer was answered for my little son. He was sick with whooping-cough and was just getting better when he took pneumonia. The doctor said there was very little hope. But as I truly believed what James 5:15 says, "I anointed him with oil and prayed that God would spare his life," my prayer was answered. Mrs. A. R.

New Lowell, Ont., Can.

A Sure Help in Time of Trouble

The question, "Do you personally know of any instances of answered prayer?" seems a very strange

question to ask of a Christian, for there must be very few indeed who have not had very definite answer to petitions to the heavenly Father, and as for me, my whole life has been filled with such experiences.

The first instance was not my own experience, but was the means of my asking God to help me in every difficulty. The story was told me by the person himself, when I was a little girl in England, and the narrator was a missionary of the London Society, sent to our village with others to conduct what proved to be very successful "tent meetings."

Two of the missionaries boarded at my home, one of whom I shall never forget, for his habit of singing "God loved the world of sinners lost," in a rich baritone voice. The other, whose story I am telling, was a baker, like my father, and often "turned in" to help while he talked with him.

"I was one of a large family," he told us one day, "and my parents were very poor. At one time especially I remember we were in great straits. My father had been out of work and mother had come to her last sixpence. There was nothing in the house to eat, and father was away on what might again prove a fruitless errand. Mother called us into the bedroom and knelt with us there. She laid the sixpence before God, and told Him it was her last and she must spend it to buy bread for the little ones He had given her, and told Him she would trust Him to provide. She prayed that my father might be successful in finding work, and reminded the Lord that they had tried to be careful, both in providing for the little ones and teaching their children to know and trust Him. When she told me to put on my big brother's shoes, as my clothing

was warmer than his, and the weather was cold, and go to the baker's for bread, which with tea would be our evening meal, I started, shuffling along in the shoes, which were too large for me, and thinking of what would happen if father had no work and our food and money were gone. I held the sixpence in my hand in my pocket as mother had told me, for most of the way, but alas! when I got to the baker's—it was gone! I could not remember losing my hold of it, but I had, and it had slipped through a hole in my pocket. What could I do? Not go home and face mother, for although I was not afraid of punishment, I did not want to see the look that would be in her eyes. At last, after searching for some time, vainly, in the light snow, I thought, as I neared home, of mother's giving the money to God, and reasoned, 'God must know where I dropped that sixpence and I'll ask Him.' Kneeling in the snow I asked Him to help me find it, as it was mother's last, and the children would go hungry, and I was sorry for my carelessness. As I rose to my feet, something in the shoe hurt my foot and putting my hand down, I drew out the sixpence which had slipped in and laid flat against my foot till I knelt down. I at once knelt again and thanked God for finding it for me and ran all the way to the baker's, returning home as my father came in, his face all smiles, to tell mother that he had found work at his trade and would begin in the morning.

"It was a very thankful group that knelt at the family altar that night, after I had told my story too, and I don't believe one of us ever forgot it. I know I have not been able to doubt God since."

A few days afterward, I was sent by my mother

on an errand and carelessly let the money fall from my hand as I swung the oil can I was carrying. After searching in the grass for a while, I thought of Mr. Richard's story and kneeling down, asked God to help me find it, which He did, and I knelt again and thanked Him. It was a simple thing, but it started me in the way of trusting Him more completely than I could have done otherwise, because it proved that He was "a very present help in trouble" and that He was mindful of His children's cry, even in small matters.

New Haven, Conn. H. H. H.

An Evangelist's Prayer in Sore Trial

I was 1,200 miles from home engaged in a revival. On Friday morning I awoke with an unusual heaviness in my heart. Never having "the blues," I was sure this heaviness meant that something was not going well. I thought of my family, most naturally. The entire day was spent out in the woods, pleading with God for strength and preparation for whatever ordeal I was to pass through. Saturday morning I awoke with still greater heaviness in my heart. I added fasting to prayer. About 1 P.M. I received through the mail a telegram which should have been delivered the morning before over the telephone. It stated that my wife had been operated on for appendicitis. That meant that she had left her six little children at home with neighbors, and had gone nine miles to the hospital for the operation. None of her people were near, and I was 1,200 miles away. The Devil said, "Home at once!" But I went down on my knees before God and thanked Him that He had prepared me for this

emergency hour, and besought Him to help me claim the victory in recovery. I got the fullest, sweetest assurance that it should be so. Then the impression came that I should honor God by reading the message to the audience, and announcing that I had the assurance that my wife should recover. Then Satan said, "If you do that, you are a fanatical fool. Suppose she should die, think how confused you would be. Better not risk it." But God's orders were obeyed, and the announcement was quietly, humbly, gratefully made, and the sweetest possible peace came into my soul.

Within three hours my telegram had gone 1,200 miles, and the doctor's was received, saying, "Wife doing fine. Says stand to your post." On my reaching home six weeks later, the doctor said, "Only one in a thousand ever gets well when in your wife's fix!" To God be all the praise, glory, and victory!

Biloxi, Miss. RICHARD W. LEWIS,
Evangelist.

How Prayer Helped a Student

About three months ago I asked prayers that a friend might be enabled to continue his studies. That prayer has been most providentially answered and I wish to acknowledge the Lord's goodness and my appreciation to the members of the Prayer League.

Princeton, N. J. F. R. S.

Power of Prayer in a Small Village

When I came to make my home in the country, five years ago, there was not a Sunday school, or preaching service nearer than five miles.

A very small village had a school of thirty pupils

enrolled. This being near our home, I began praying for a Sunday school where we might gather these children in and teach the "*Word*." Four years ago (one year later) we organized a school. It has grown from a few into a school of from fifty-nine to seventy-five present every Sunday. We have had three revival meetings, with souls saved. I know this is in answer to prayer. C. S.

Green Ridge, Mo.

Broke His Pledge Made in Prayer

The instance related came under my own knowledge here. It happened on the same street I live on, close to my home.

Some years ago, there resided in this town, a clever man, who kept a barroom. His wife was a very nice and very good woman. They had one child—a boy. When the boy was about four or five years old, he was taken sick with a fever. He grew worse and worse. They had several doctors with him, and they all said that there was no hope for the child. The father believed the fever was sent as punishment upon him for selling liquor. He was very much wrought up, and one night he knelt by the bed of the little fellow and prayed very earnestly for the child's life, and promised the Lord to quit selling whiskey if He would spare the child. The child began to get better next day, and rapidly recovered. But the father did not quit selling whiskey, and in about three months he took the same disease and died in a short time. When he was sick he often said that it was because he had not done what he promised the Lord he would do if He spared the child.

Greenville, Tenn. John M. McKee.

Employment Was the Answer

I sent in a request to the Prayer League for prayers that my sister might obtain a steady position. She now has one, and I feel that it was through your prayers, and God's goodness in answering them.

San Jose, Calif. Mrs. H. B.

Body Healed, Souls Saved

Some time ago I requested the Prayer League to pray for me, that I might be cured of heart trouble, also that we might have a revival of religion at this place (Oak Grove). Both prayers have been answered. Souls were saved at the meeting and Christians revived. I am strong enough now to do my housework and to take up my school work again.

Broken Arrow, Okla. M. E. O.

Restored Health the Answer

A request was sent to the Prayer League, several months since, for the relief and restoration to health of two of our relatives. We are truly thankful to tell you that through its intercession the prayers have been granted. The Divine Healer has mercifully answered our petition, for which we return heartfelt thanks.

M. D., F. E G., and M. E. G.

Brookhaven Miss.

"He Healeth Thy Diseases"

God has been very good to me. I have suffered for weeks with a growth, which the doctor said he would

have to operate on. Five days before the operation, in answer to prayer, God removed it. M. A. D.
Connellsville, Pa.

All Needs Supplied Through Prayer

After my conversion it was the desire and prayer of my heart to get an education. I have oftentimes been in positions when all human aid seemed to fail and forsake me. I would then fall before God on my knees in prayer for all of my needs, which have always been supplied in answer to prayer.

My father was converted at the age of seventy, in answer to prayer, and died a peaceful Christian death in my home. Before his death, as I held him by the hand, I asked him if he was afraid to die. He answered "No," with a smile on his face and said, "I know where I am going. Jesus cannot take me too soon."

A friend who was a drunkard and for whom I prayed two years came to my home when he was much under the influence of liquor. After a short visit with him, reading the Bible and praying for him, he gave his heart to God in answer to prayer.
Rhinelander, Wis. Rev. Peter LaParte.

Got an Appointment Through Prayer

I wish to acknowledge answer to prayer for a position as teacher for which I am very thankful.
Central City, Neb. G. B. D.

Two Direct Answers to Prayer

I have reasons to be a strong believer of prayer. In 1910 my husband was taken sick with pneumonia, which developed into pleuro-pneumonia in a short time.

They said there was no hope and as far as human help was concerned, there was none, for he had gone beyond us. But good people were praying, and the dear Lord had so heard their and my prayers that I could say, "Thy will, not mine, be done." He was raised from death, as it were, unto life again, and after two years he got back his strength and was again able to attend to his business. He told us, after he had gotten entirely over it, of the beautiful white and shining way that he entered, that grew brighter and broader.

During this same period, I had to have the care of the business, which I had never before had anything to do with. It being the ice business. It was coming the end of the week, and our habit being to pay our men weekly, I was running short of funds. I told the Lord about it, as I did all things; and when about my work, a knock was heard, I went to the door. There stood a man wishing to pay his bill. It was a direct answer to prayer.

God has wonderfully led me, through prayer, for which I want to thank Him again and again.

Aquidneck, R. I. MRS. C. G.

TWENTY YEARS OF ANSWERED PRAYER

Some time ago I requested prayer for the recovery of my health, and for a revival in my church. Since that time I want to say that God has answered both requests. My health is very good now. There has been a revival in our church.

I have had many prayers answered during my life. He has been very patient and kind to me. When I was about eighteen years old I was converted. For

nearly four years I had realized that I was a sinner and had been wanting to be saved. One morning during a series of meetings, after I felt that I had done all I could, I simply surrendered all to Jesus and put my whole trust in Him. When I had done this I became very happy and was shouting and glorifying God before I realized what I was doing. Since that time I have never doubted my conversion. God has continued to hear and answer my supplications, when they were in accordance with His will, for over twenty years. Many times I have asked Him to protect me from apparent dangers and never once has He failed me. Jesus, through His Holy Spirit, has been my stay and comfort through many deep sorrows and troubles. I believe that Jesus will never turn a deaf ear to our entreaties when they are in accordance with His Holy and Divine Will and for our own good. H. B. P.

Rowland, N. C.

A Whole Family Converted by Prayer

I am the second son of ten children. I became a Christian in my thirteenth year, and from that time on, I desired to see all of my brothers and sisters converted. As a direct answer to my prayers, two of my sisters were converted while I was in my 'teens—one while I was on my knees in prayer for her.

I left home at twenty for college, and after finishing I decided to renew my efforts to have the rest of them converted. My older brother, who was married, lived in another State. His wife was unconverted also. My brother next to me was at home and I wanted to use my influence with both of them, so I decided to go

to the older brother and work on the younger brother by letters and prayer. As a result, the older brother and his wife were converted soon after my arrival in their home, and the younger brother was converted in a few months thereafter. He said that his conversion was due to my prayers and letters.

I then asked the Lord to convert the five youngest ones, and I am glad to say that that prayer was also answered very soon.

A few years ago my health became poor, I asked the Lord to restore it, and this also has been accomplished. Why should I not be a great believer in specific prayer?

Huntington, W. Va. D. W. Perdue.

Laid All His Cares on the Lord in Prayer

About three months ago, while coming from Portland, Me., and bringing a package of Testaments, I was feeling very sad that I had carelessly forgotten something which I felt had been a sin in God's sight. Very soon I felt a strange feeling come over me which I took to be a death-stroke. I was so shocked that I immediately put up an earnest prayer that if God would pardon me, I would promise to be more careful. The singular trouble which passed through my head seemed to pass off at my feet. A voice speaking to me said, "His mercy endureth forever." I feel as though a new body had been set up. I cast all my care on Jesus and I know that He will care for me.

Old Orchard, Me. E. C. Stanchfield.

Mental Trouble Cured by Prayer

I have every reason to believe in the efficacy of prayer. Nine years ago my mother's nerves became seriously

affected. Her mental suffering was awful, and she was on the very verge of insanity. I prayed ardently for her recovery, but she seemed to be growing worse. One night I awoke at midnight, in the very depths of despair. I not only had lost all hopes of her recovery, but I knew such things were inherited, and I was like her and of a nervous temperament, and I felt the same fate was hanging over my head, and probably some of my children. Suddenly my soul was filled with light, and I was made to understand, as clearly as though the words had been spoken, that my mother would recover, and that such a fate would never be mine nor any of my children's. God's Spirit was with me all that night, and I lay in a perfect transport of joy. I ceased to have any fears from that time. My mother recovered within a few weeks. I have had weak nerves in the past year, but they are growing stronger. God's Spirit is ever with me, and I have perfect joy and peace, and have no fears whatever.

Burlington, Wis. MRS. W. G. B.

How the Lost Rule Was Found

Remembering that not a sparrow falleth to the ground without our Father, and that the hairs of our head are all numbered, we are encouraged to ask and receive that our joy may be full.

When my carpenter—who had had a workbench in my barn—was leaving, one day, he said he had lost a little pocket rule that he valued very much, and if I found it, he would like to have it again. After that, for days I was always looking for it and hoping and praying that I might find it and restore it to him.

Finally, when a week or two had passed, as I was standing on the chip dust and considering the case, I asked myself, "Shall I conclude that God does not hear and answer prayer?" Then, as I answered "*No!* I *know* He does!" and digging my foot at the same time into the chips, I brought up the little rule on the toe of my shoe. Of course I was very thankful and glad to give it to the carpenter again, telling him that I considered it a direct answer to prayer.

Hampden, Me. ONE WHO PRAYS.

THREE GENERATIONS OF ANSWERED PRAYERS

I rejoice to tell you that God has answered my husband's, grandmother's and mother's and my own prayers. Husband died last November, aged seventy-nine years, but some days before he died, he told me that the Almighty had forgiven his sins, and I feel that I should praise God through all Eternity.

East Hampton, Conn. MRS. H. V. B.

A GREAT PERIL SAFELY PASSED THROUGH PRAYER

I have great faith in prayer. God is true and truthful. He will do what He says, answer earnest prayer. I could tell you of many instances that have come to me, but send you this one, which is known by many good people.

In August, 1898, I, with my family, was at Ocracoke, N. C., to spend a few weeks. We had been there only a few days when there came a storm, said to be the worst ever known on this section of the Atlantic coast. The hotel was situated on a point between the

Sound and the ocean, where it got the violence of wind and water. When the storm had lasted several days, growing in fury until the hotel was falling to pieces, the guests became terrified. We assembled in what had been, all summer, the dance hall, and knelt in prayer. As we arose from our knees, we felt we had been too formal, we had not poured out the fervency of our hearts. In a short while, we went again to God and told Him plainly and simply what He knew was in every heart before Him, fear, helplessness, and dependence on Him. We were trusting Him implicitly, knowing He was merciful and would hear and answer prayer. As we knelt to pray, a most powerful wave struck the window and a lady said, "The next one like that will take the window away." That was the last wave to touch the window. In a very short time, the winds lulled, the waters receded, and land was plainly visible where water had stood several feet deep for three days. Then we thanked God, for we knew He had heard and answered our prayer.

Lake Landing, N. C. MRS. M. M. F.

SAVED FROM A TRAIN-WRECK THROUGH PRAYER

Several years ago my brother was living in the town of M——, and I did not know he had any intention of leaving there for quite a while. I had been praying for him and had just left my closet, when I felt I must pray again for him, the impression came that he was in imminent danger. When I arose from my knees I had the assurance that all was well.

Several weeks later he came home and told us he was going from M—— to the town of B——, and felt

impressed to wait until the next day. The train he intended to leave on was wrecked and several lives lost. I always believed that the day he was to leave M—— was the very time the impression came to me he was in danger and I must pray for him.

Opelika, Ala. FAITHFUL WITNESS.

SAVED A BROTHER FROM AN EVIL BUSINESS

I can tell of a specific answer to prayer in my own experience. Some fifteen years ago or more, our brother owned a saloon and hotel which he was conducting. It grieved my mother and my sisters and myself to have him engaged in such a traffic. We were so anxious to have him sell the property and engage in some other trade or work. We decided we would ask God to enable him to dispose of the business. I prayed for this every day.

One day a boy in my father's employ on the farm brought home the news that my brother was about to trade his saloon for a farm. A friend who called on us that day heard this, and remarked if the young man owning the farm would go into that business, it would ruin him and his parents would lose all they had, that having been the case of his older brother. When I heard that, I felt that I could not endure the thought of some one else being ruined or sacrificed for our sakes. Then I asked God that these people would be spared from such a fate and that my brother might sell the property to parties who would use the building for other purposes.

We had to wait a few years till our prayers were answered. A man bought the property of my brother

and had the building remodeled for a hardware store, and it is still used for that purpose. My brother now owns a farm, where his children may have cleaner and purer environments. ANNA FISCHER.

Plymouth, Wis.

EYESIGHT RESTORED AT EIGHTY

Some months ago while in Florida my eyes failed me badly. I asked the prayers of the League but heard nothing from it. I said, "I have left it in Your hands, heavenly Father; You will do what is best for me." After being here for six weeks, I can see a marked change. I can read and sew and not feel it as I did. I may never have clear eyesight again. Soon I will be eighty years old. A. E. H.

Denver, Colo.

FINANCIAL DISTRESS RELIEVED

Rejoice with us, for the blessed Lord has heard and granted our prayers and those of the Prayer League in regard to getting that loan and selling our homestead. And now let us thank and praise Him forever for His innumerable blessings and answers to prayers!

Newport, Neb. MR. and MRS. M. F. L.

ILLNESS CURED, NEEDS SUPPLIED

Several years ago, I called on a friend and found her sister, who was visiting her, suffering intense pain from some affliction of the foot, on account of which neither she nor my friend had been able to sleep for several

nights. The Lord placed this burden of suffering upon my heart and immediately, on my return home, I knelt and besought the Lord to take away the pain from this lady if it could be His will, and give her a good night's sleep.

Calling on my friend the next day and inquiring about her sister, I was told that the pain left her yesterday, that she was now comfortable, and had a good night's sleep, and that when the pain left, my friend's daughter said, "I guess Miss F. is praying for her." The time the relief came, as stated by her, corresponded exactly with the time in which intercession was made for the sufferer. An instantaneous answer to prayer.

Several times when greatly in need of money to meet promised payments, I have taken my needs to the Lord and asked Him that if it could be His will, He would in some way give me the needed money; and the exact amount has been sent or brought to me by some one who knew not of the pressing need.

Newton Highlands, Mass. F. W. Fogg.

Nervous Prostration Cured

In 1909, my granddaughter was taken with nervous prostration and was confined to her bed for eighteen months. She was reduced from 130 to 80 pounds. Being a good Christian girl of twenty-four years, she read her Bible much. Her parents, grandparents, and others of the family had a special prayer meeting for her, pleading the promises. She was not aware of our united prayers for her, but when her mother went into her room, she told her we were praying especially for her. She said: "While you were out, I had a feeling

like an electric shock. Wave after wave of happiness came over me and I believe the Lord will heal me." She yielded herself, soul and body, entirely to His will, and from that time, she began to recover. Her strength came gradually, but to-day, she is a missionary among the Indians in California, devoted to her work, and is doing much for them with the Master's help.

Long Beach, Calif. L. M. W.

Pain Quickly Removed Through Prayer

I was in agony from acute pains in my back and limbs from rheumatism and lumbago, with patience and strength about exhausted. Doctor had been doing all that he could, but pain was still unbearable. In the midst of this excruciating experience, a ray of hope seemed to reach down from heaven and take possession of my mind. "Suppose you pray to the dear Saviour with the wounded hands and feet and pierced side, and ask Him to place those blessed spike-driven hands upon the back and limb where the ache is so severe."

Instantly I prayed with all my heart and beseechingly implored Him to place His dear hands upon me. Then my mind seemed to reach upward and upward going far above the earth into the celestial fields. Self was forgotten and the pain as well. Surely I seemed in that far better country of everlasting peace, and I was fully at peace and in no pain whatever. God had fully answered my prayer! The blessed Saviour I surely believe had fully complied with my request. For that day all pain had vanished!

Afterward the severe pain came back again, and

again I implored the divine help with the same like results. And still a third time returned and the same appeal made with the same results.

Truth is stranger than fiction. "Ask and ye shall receive." This happened in February, 1916.

Rochester, N. Y. WILLIAM H. WINTON.

PRAYER BROUGHT HIM WORK

I had no work but I had two things, that was faith and prayer. While I was praying there came a knock on the door. A Divine Intervention was at hand in response to my prayer. Work was brought to me. Prayer is the key of heaven, faith unlocks the door.

New York City. A. W. PERRY.

PRAYER SAVED A MOTHER FOR HER BABIES

God has answered my prayers many times. Twenty-nine years ago this winter I was sick and nigh to death. I realized it by the way my friends acted and I knew that they were praying for me. I had four small children, one a little baby, and a dear husband. One night I called to God in earnest prayer that He would let me live to raise my little ones, and in His mercy He healed me. SOPHIA SHAW.

Lewistown, Ill.

CURED THE TOBACCO HABIT

God has answered my prayers many times; but I will give only one instance. Many years ago, I left off using tobacco because I was satisfied that it was a

poison to me, and the using of money that should go for something good, but I could not get rid of the troublesome, ever-hankering appetite for it until I asked God to take it away, and it soon disappeared in a way so wonderful to me that I fully believe it was in answer to my prayer. W. E. Sheldon.

Webster, Mass.

A Minister's Rent Paid Through Prayer

In the early eighties, the writer then engaged in a small mercantile enterprise some ten miles south of the old county site town of Kingston, Tenn., located near the juncture of the Clinch and Tennessee Rivers. I was busy with the routine work of store or post-office (being also postmaster). One day a friend of other days suddenly came to my memory and although no audible voice was heard, there was a question, real as life, and I was left musing as to where this friend might then be and more particularly his financial conditions. He was an itinerant Methodist minister, and was often neglected, notwithstanding his sterling qualities both as a preacher and Christian gentleman. I turned to my desk and addressed a postal card to the steward of his church, at his last known residence, asking the whereabouts of Rev. F. F. Glann. By return mail I received a postal in Mr. Glann's handwriting referring to my card, and saying if his church paper was consulted I could always locate him. The purpose of my question was not divined by my friend. I hastened to do the Lord's will as He revealed it to me a few days before, sending a check to the order of my friend. His postal, which I received, has been ever since a source

of unspeakable joy to my heart telling me how he and his good wife, only a few days before, had kneeled together in their home and asked the Lord for money to pay their house rent and how the answer came.

It was then that I realized that prayer uttered in Jesus' name is the most potent factor in all this world. My friend wrote: "Your check was the answer to my prayer, just what I owed." J. F. CORMANY.

Harriman, Tenn.

HEAVENLY GUARDIANSHIP THROUGH PRAYER

I believe in prayer. It has been the joy and comfort of my life since early girlhood. After my conversion, I felt that only through prayer could I be kept, and have made it a daily and hourly business to tell all to Him, who never turns a deaf ear to His children.

I could not tell all the blessed answers I have had, but there are prayers which have ever stood out the most prominent and have caused my faith to cling closer to Him.

I was living in the country and had no near neighbors, and, being a timid woman, I had one of my neighbors—a young lady—come over and spend the night, as my husband was to be away, and I didn't care to be left with only two small children. The lady said to me, "You are the only woman on earth I'd be willing to stay with at night, but I am not afraid because of your faith in God." I said to her, "Well, God is your Father as well as mine, and if you ask Him in faith, He will take care of you." I then asked her if she did not believe my earthly father would take care of me if I asked, if it was in his power. Then I

told her I knew my heavenly Father had the power, and I should ask Him. After prayer we retired, and when I closed my eyes a sweet heavenly peace filled my soul and it seemed that the most beautiful light surrounded our home, and I felt as secure as if a legion of angels had been guarding us.

I had a like experience since living in this city. On one occasion, when my husband was from home, and in consequence of sickness and befriending a lady who was a little fearful, I gave up my room to her and slept in a room apart from them, and after committing my little ones and myself to Him who never slumbers nor sleeps, I had the same beautiful experience.

New Berne, N. C. MRS. W. R. BARRINGTON.

GOD USES STRANGE INSTRUMENTS AT TIMES

I am a firm believer in answered prayers, and could tell you something that happened about two years ago, and how even a collie dog can be used to bring one nearer to God, as He did in my case. I have told my story to many, hoping to give them more faith in our prayers being answered, if we have the faith that does *not waver.* The story is too lengthy to write it to you, but after five months I recovered my dear dog, "David," whose picture and address were in *The Christian Herald.* BELIEVER.

Springfield, Mass.

A BACKSLIDER RESTORED

I was deeply impressed with the thought that my son Charles had backslidden in heart, though not in life. I was drawn out in prayer for his restoration. I spoke

to him and prayed with him privately about it. After several weeks of prayer and deep solitude, I was praying for him one early morning when the answer came so clear, "He will be restored and I will call him to the ministry."

In a short time, he was restored and called, and also appointed as "Junior Preacher" in his father's charge. He is now an effective preacher in our adjoining Conference. C. M. HUMPHREY.

Moorefield, Ky.

DIRECT ANSWERS TO BELIEVING PRAYER

I am very much interested in the Prayer League. I owe both my life and that of my son to answer to prayer. I had been so ill that the doctors gave little encouragement. I felt confident if our minister would come and pray for me, God would heal me. He came and prayed, and while praying, that small still voice said, "Your prayer will be answered." I arose perfectly well, and so supremely happy that I felt like walking on air. I went about my work as though I hadn't been sick.

The recovery of my son was so remarkable that the doctors pronounced it "nothing short of a miracle." He was hurt in a mill, his skull being cracked at the base of the brain, and he was taken to the hospital. Three doctors were called and said there was no hope. A doctor was called from the city (Cincinnati), but he gave no encouragement. My son played on the piano, had played at so many concerts and entertainments that he was well known to many persons. He grew worse; his breath had gone and they started it by artificial

respiration. I called in two ministers, and we all prayed earnestly. A bright light seemed to shine all around me and a voice said, "More good would come from sparing him than taking him." The doctor had come about 11 o'clock to tell me my son couldn't live. At 12.15 he came again to tell me he was better and would live. The change, he said, came at 12 o'clock (the time we prayed). It was the talk of the town and all said, "It was in answer to prayer." MOTHER.

Middletown, Ohio.

A Memorable Answer to Prayer

I underwent a very serious operation. Blood poisoning and complications resulted. For weeks I lay in a state of unconsciousness, during which time the surgeons said I could not possibly live another hour. Before being operated on, I wrote a letter to my pastor, with whom I had a very slight acquaintance, asking him to pray for my recovery. In last conscious moments, I was begging for the prayers of friends and loved ones. There was a great deal of praying by both.

Shortly after this illness, W. E. Brederwolf and party held a revival here. It was thought strange that after so serious an illness, I could attend these meetings. I believe my thorough conversion took place there. I knew little of the Bible, though I had read it much.

The giving back of my life was the greatest answer to prayer that I've ever had—for I was virtually dead, but there are countless numbers of answers that even impressed me more than this, of the power and willingness of God to answer prayer. E. L.

Anstin, Tex.

A Child's Life Saved by Prayer

About forty years ago, my husband and I, with our little son, were living in a country place where we had to go a long distance for a doctor. Our little baby was taken sick. After doing all I could for him, but without good results, my husband started for the doctor. When he returned with him the doctor gave no hope, for the baby had membranous croup and pneumonia, and on leaving he said there would be no need of his returning, it was such a long way, and he was sure the child would not live. After he left, my husband prayed earnestly that his little boy might be spared to us. He recovered and is alive to-day.

Pittsfield, Mass. Mrs. Louisa Halford.

Instantly Cured in Answer to Prayer

I remember one very specific answer to prayer. An uncle, who from over-exertion had not been able to speak or straighten up for many years. During family prayers at my father's house and while being prayed for, my uncle commenced to shout and praise God. He talked and walked the rest of his life.

There are several persons living who can verify this.

Mrs. Laura E. Bailey.

South Vernon, Mass.

Praying Away the Fear of Thunderstorms

I will tell you of my experience as a child. I was very afraid of thunderstorms, so much so that I was made ill. Our pastor's wife told me her experience,

as she was afflicted in the same manner. She prayed, asking God to take away her fear of such storms. I did the same. The prayers were answered at once. Since that time I never have feared the terrible roar of the thunder or the flash of the lightning, but instead, I enjoy the manifestation of God's mighty power and am feeling sure of His protection and loving care.

I was then about nine years of age, and now I am sixty. I have had many, many answers to prayer since, but I thought some child might be helped by this one instance. MRS. HATTIE SLEEPER.

Brownsdale, Minn.

A FARMER'S WIFE'S FAITH IN PRAYER

It was early morning and quite dark, being the 18th of November, 1871. I was standing just inside of the Freight Depot at W. Maine Street, trying to cross, so that I could reach the car on the opposite side. I had been disappointed in not having the friend with me that I had expected. It was nearly time for the car to start. I called silently on my heavenly Father to send some one to show me the way. In a few moments I heard a step. I spoke and asked if they would show me the way past the obstruction. The person replied, "I cannot show you the way, it is so dark; but if you will take my hand, I will lead you." I reached out in the dark, grasped the hand, and was soon in the car.

My husband has been sick some time with pneumonia. My mother did the housework. I rested days and took care of him nights and also cared for the stock. One morning I felt sick, but felt obliged to conceal it, for fear of frightening them, as mother did

not know anything of the barn chores and we lived nearly a mile from neighbors. As it came near night and I did not feel any better, I began to call silently for more strength or for some one to be sent to help me out. Finally my husband said, "M., it is getting late; you ought to be doing the chores." I waited and he again spoke. I saw he was getting uneasy. I got up and thought I would do the easiest duty first, which was to water the horse. This done, a neighbor from a mile and a half away drove up and said, "Mrs. K., what is the trouble?" My reply was, "I am sick." He turned to his wife and said, "I knew there was trouble." Then he did all the chores, and I was better in the morning, and mother and husband were none the wiser.

A few months after the above, when mother had gone away, and my husband seemed to be gaining, one night he spoke and said, "I think I am dying." I got up quietly and came around the foot of the bed. Everything grew dark. I cried silently, "Oh, God help me." There was no one within a long distance, but my dear Master to help me, and so beautifully He did it that as I came up to the front of the bed, I felt an arm sustaining me, and the fear and trembling all passed away. I encouraged my husband and told him that he never would have another of those spells. He was spared to me nine years after that.

Our Lord is such a loving Master and He is verifying the promise to me, day by day, "My God shall supply all your need." MALISSA A. WILLEY.

Oakland, Me.

A Remarkable Answer to Prayer

My mother had six small children, and a careless, godless husband. She had a running sore on one leg, and had been treated for it a considerable time and it was getting worse. One day the physician said, "Mrs. B., if you are to live much longer, this limb must be amputated." Mother said, "If it is amputated, shall I surely get well?" He said, "I cannot say that, but I know you will soon die if it is not done, for gangrene is setting in!" Mother said, "Well, then, I will not have it done." However, he went away and in two hours he returned, bringing a surgeon. In the meantime mother had sent for a new neighbor to come and pray that God would heal her limb and spare her life for her children's sake. When the physician and surgeon returned, she said she had placed her case in the hands of the Great Physician and He was going to heal her. They said she would be a corpse in a few days, but the sore began to dry up and in four days it was perfectly well. She was then forty years old and lived to be seventy-two and never had any more trouble. My father, realizing that this was a miracle, became a Christian and erected a family altar. B.

Oxford, Mass.

Reason Restored Through Prayer

A very gifted young girl left home for the first time last fall to enter college. A few days after beginning her work, she lost her mind. Her family put her in a sanitarium, where the noted specialists did everything they could for her for six weeks. Then they acknowledged they could do nothing to help her. Her loved

ones were not willing to put her in an asylum for the insane, although she *was* a maniac. They took her home with the determination to try what prayer and love could do for her. She is now entirely well.

Bisco, Va. M. L. Fleet.

Prayer Restores a Paralytic

I know many wonderful answers to prayer. Some years ago I fell sixteen feet, my back striking the edge of some planks, and breaking some bones in the spine. I came near death. In the morning it was found that my limbs were paralyzed to the waist. There seemed no hope, but they prayed for me in two churches every time they met for two weeks, that I might walk again. God answered prayer and gave me strength to walk.

Mrs. J. A. P.

Prayer Overcomes Serious Sickness

I feel it would take a little volume to enumerate my answered prayer experience in my long life of over threescore years and ten.

My niece, with whom I make my home, had been ill for years and had a serious operation. Doctors told her the only relief would be another operation. She joined the Prayer League. We now feel sure that she was divinely directed. She has improved much from his treatment, and we think will soon be entirely well.

Fayetteville, N. C. D. A. Floyd.

Restored Health Through Prayer

I must express my heartfelt thanks to the Prayer League for prayers in my behalf. I believe we must

work as well as pray, and I was divinely directed to the right source for treatment. My condition for over two years was terrible. I intuitively felt that at my age an operation would prove fatal. I am now practically well, and feel that it was all a direct answer to prayer. MRS. W. A. VANSTORY.

Haymount, N. C.

HEALED THROUGH PRAYER

I can testify to answered prayer. I asked for a revival in the Missionary Baptist Church at Brooker, Fla., and that prayer has been answered.

I asked the Prayer League to join us in prayer that I might be restored, and cured of an incurable disease. There is nothing impossible with God, for I am now able to do my work, and at the time I sent the request, I knew that, without divine intervention, I would not live long.

Prayer brings us in touch with heaven, where there is nothing impossible; nothing for which we may not hope. Communion with God keeps us in the abundant life way; and we are guided in wisdom's way and with the mercies God bestows upon us. He gives us grace and guidance how to use those blessings so that they will praise Him. MRS. ALLIE SHRIVER.

Brooker, Fla.

PRAYER SAVED HER FRIEND'S LIFE

Here is a prayer, and what seemed to be the answer to it.

My father was a physician and had as a patient a man named Dave F. They all lived near Athens, Ala.

My oldest brother had married Mr. F.'s oldest daughter. Mr. F. became very sick with a malignant disease. All hope for his recovery was gone. My father (Dr. John S. Blair) used his utmost skill as a physician, but none of the medicines would take effect. When he could trust no longer in his skill or medicines, being a religious man, he decided to put all his trust in God. He prayed daily and several times a day, for the life of his friend. Mr. F. was past speaking, but very soon, in answer to prayer, he began to improve, and in a short time was restored to health. What skill and medicine had failed to do, earnest, trusting prayer of a sincere Christian had done.

I know this to be a true story and many are living who can testify to its truth. MRS. F. H. TANT.

Elkmont, Ala.

REDEEMED FROM DRINK THROUGH PRAYER

About six weeks ago, I sent in a request for prayer for the restoration of a young man given to drink. Since that, he has been gloriously reclaimed and is even now looking forward to a life of service for the Master in helping to save other lost ones. To God be all the glory. May He greatly bless the League in the ministry of intercession. MISS G. M. SPANGLER.

Centre Hall, Pa.

PRAYER BROUGHT HIS INNOCENCE TO LIGHT

My nephew, a young man, had mistaken his road, fell in with bad company, more especially a bad woman who stole money, but with which my nephew was in no

way concerned. He was tried and convicted of the theft and sentenced to four years in State's Prison. His conviction was a miscarriage of justice and without reason or authority.

I brought the matter before your League and had this and other organizations praying for his release as well as earnestly daily praying myself. I have just received word that his conviction on appeal has been reversed by the Appellate Court, and that he will be freed. Thanks to the heavenly Father who answers prayer and who doeth all things well.

New York City. CHARITY FOR ALL.

A MOTHER'S EARNEST PRAYER

A young man was thrown from a horse and badly hurt. He lay unconscious for weeks and was partly paralyzed. The doctors gave the family no encouragement. In fact they didn't believe he would ever recover. One physician said if he underwent an operation, it would be death. They gave up hope, and said they had done all they could for him.

The mother prayed earnestly and constantly that he would be restored. She never gave up hope, but trusted in the Lord, and she told her friends that she knew he would be restored, because she had prayed to God and He would answer. She had strong faith and believed earnestly, and every one who knows about the case believes the young man's recovery was brought about by the mother's earnest prayers.

Trenton, Tenn. LIZZIE BELLE BANKS.

Prayed for Rain on a Forest Fire

About twenty-five years ago I had charge of a supply station for a large lumber company operating in the Adirondack Mountains. I had about twenty men in the spring, farming and clearing land. The weather was very dry and the Superintendent notified me that if I put out fire, to burn fallow, I would be held responsible for any damage done. I took chances and set the fire, which we managed to control for a while, but as the weather continued dry, the fire broke loose and went raging through the forest.

I marshaled all my forces and we fought that fire for twenty-four hours, and all the while I worked I prayed earnestly for rain. Just at dark on the second day it began to rain but very slow and quiet, and fearing it would stop before it accomplished putting out the fire, I prayed all the harder and in two hours we had a regular downpour which lasted several days. I could not but feel that the rain was in answer to my prayers.

Felt Mills, N. Y. Louis DeLancett.

The Power of Prayer in the Mission Field

One of the greatest hindrances to the coming of God's kingdom in China is the lawsuit. Sen Lao San was one of Dr. Seymour's Christians, a bright, young fisherman of Tengchow. When Mr. Sen joined the church, things began to move. He was a born leader and soon had his comrades, the boatmen and fishermen, interested.

One Sunday evening, as I was returning from hospital duties, a message came for me to come quickly to

the seaside. Arriving at the coast, I saw a great crowd of men collected. There was difficulty, but not the kind that I had anticipated. The underlings from the official were there to arrest Mr. Sen. He met me with the greatest courtesy. He told me that these men had come to arrest him and then asked me to look at the condition of his boatshed. I told him that I could do nothing for him and he should go quietly with the men. As yet, I did not know the cause of his arrest. I returned home perplexed and with a heavy heart.

In a short time, two of the Water City Christians called. They reported that the underlings had brought Mr. Sen as far as the North gate of the city and that they had treated him badly. They asked me to go in person to the official to intercede for Mr. Sen.

For a moment, all was dark. I looked to God for wisdom and He granted my plea. I told them, that there was one thing that I could do and would do—pray for Brother Sen. They were not pleased and walked away. I did as I had promised, prayed for Mr. Sen.

In the meantime he had been taken to the official who gave him just three minutes to state his case, which was as follows: One of the men in Mr. Sen's employ, seeing two men fighting, tried to force them to cease. One of the combatants became very angry and ran off to the official, laying a charge against the would-be peace-maker. When they came to arrest his man, Mr. Sen objected and this led to his own arrest.

After hearing his statement, the official asked if he did not act as an evangelist, at times, in the "Jesus Church." Mr. Sen answered in the affirmative. The official then said, "Oh, you are not a bad sort of fel-

low. You are dismissed." This was a surprise to Mr. Sen. How did it happen that the official treated him kindly instead of roughly, as he had expected? Was it not that God had delivered him?

The following morning, I was greeted with the good news, that Mr. Sen was out of prison. Mrs. Seymour's cook, a good little Christian, said, "Mr. Sen came last night about nine o'clock to report and he was just like Peter standing outside of the gate knocking, when his friends were inside praying for him."

Thus God was given the glory. Mr. Sen, himself, soon called. While grateful to God for deliverance, he thought the underlings should be punished for tearing his garments and breaking his furniture. When reminded how Jesus taught His children to love their enemies and pray for their persecutors, he said, "All right, I will do what my Master would have me do."

Goshen, Ind. EFFIE B. COOPER.

PRAYER SAVED HER CHILD'S LIFE

I know God answers prayer in a wonderful way. I have had many answers to prayer. I will relate one instance which stands out in my mind clearly now. It was about three years ago, when my only little boy, who is now six, was three years old. He had a glandular swelling on his neck caused by measles and had to go to a hospital and submit to an operation. The operation lasted an hour and a half, during which time I paced an upper veranda and prayed, never ceasing, that God would guide the knife in the surgeon's hands. At last he was taken to his bed and the doctor said the operation was a success, but he could not tell how it would turn out for three or four days, as he was afraid

of its being of a tuberculous nature. I understood what that meant and took that to the Lord, while the contents of the swelling were being analyzed by a chemical laboratory. The verdict came back "no tuberculosis" in a few days and I was much cheered. But on going to the hospital the third day, I was met by the head nurse who told me that the little fellow had suddenly taken a turn for the worse and his temperature had gone up most alarmingly and was still rising and that she felt he could not live many hours. I could not believe God was going to take him from me after all my prayers and the agony I had endured through his suffering, but her words stunned me. Then I turned from her without answering her proffered words of sympathy, and ran down the hall to his room, and reaching it I threw myself on the floor by his crib and sobbed aloud to God to spare that boy of mine and do it quickly, and show me that He heard my prayer.

The head nurse and another nurse had followed me and stood for a moment at the door. I've no doubt they thought I had lost my reason; but I prayed on, not heeding them, for a few minutes. Then I rose from my knees, calm now, and turning to them, I said, "He is not going to die. He is better." They looked at me pityingly and went about taking his bandages off, and soon the doctor stepped in and redressed the neck. He looked very grave, and confirmed what the nurses had said. But in a short time, possibly a half hour, they took his temperature and it had fallen almost to normal, and at the next taking was normal and never rose again, although it was six weeks before his neck had completely healed. MRS. FLORA M. BARNARD.

Contra Costa Co., Calif.

A Family Reunited

Our family of five children was divided, home broken up by my husband drinking. After a struggle of eleven years of married life and getting him back into several positions as a teacher, the day came when through intoxicants his last position was gone and I had lost my home and my four children were placed in an orphan asylum. I struggled with my baby girl and tried to maintain a living for her and myself. As years passed my children were adopted. I labored to find one after another, and succeeded in finding three. I continued in prayer and pleaded with Jesus to send me my child. She had married. Her husband was in his workshop doing repairs on farm implements when a voice came to him, "Did you ever ask Lillian if she would like to see her mother?" He went into the house and asked his sister the same question. Lillian was asked, but said she had been told her mother was dead. Bert's sister wrote to orphan asylum. My address was sent to Bert and my daughter was brought home after over twelve years of separation. Praise God, my prayers were answered.

Syracuse, N. Y. Mrs. F. E. Suetter.

A Son Healed

I wrote some time in June telling you about my son's serious illness. He had typhoid fever and lung trouble. The doctors said he couldn't live. I wrote and asked you to pray for him that he might be spared to be with his family. The Lord has answered our prayers. He is now able to work some, and is still getting stronger.

We are so thankful to God for His goodness to us in bringing him back to health.

Wichita, Kan. ELIZA HENDERSON.

SAVED A RELATIVE FROM DRINK

It was not more than ten days after asking the prayers of the League in behalf of my brother-in-law, that a letter came to me saying he has quit drinking and now attends church. I am so happy my prayers have been answered. I praise the Lord for His goodness. MRS. A. G. RINGDAHL.

Trinity, Tex.

HEALED IN ANSWER TO PRAYER

A young man for whom the League has prayed for healing, re-entered college in the middle of the term, passed all examinations in June. MRS. C. V. K.

Pine Brook, N. J.

A BAPTISM OF THE SPIRIT

Our prayer was answered in regard to the starting of the Sunday school in Dresserville, and also in the starting of the revival meetings with the Billy Sunday Clubs of Cortland and Homer; but the infantile paralysis got near here, so they had to close. They are holding meetings in our own church every Sunday evening, with a special baptism of the Holy Spirit.

We are a little country church with about fifty members, but many, almost in the shadow of the church, for whom we pray daily, are not yet awakened to the

welfare of their souls. Will you add your prayers to ours for them and especially for a dear companion that he may return to a Saviour's love and service?

Cortland, N. Y. MRS. EUGENE PETERS.

A Crippled Son Healed

I wish to tell you your *prayers* for my little boy cripple have been answered. He is now walking, thank God. We know God has all power both in heaven and on earth, and can and will answer the prayers of His children. MRS. CORNELIUS MEEK.

Whitehouse, Ky.

A Husband Healed

My husband, John Lash, well and favorably known in this town, was prayed for four years ago for a bad heart trouble. He is a very hard worker, and strained the muscles of his heart, so that it beat so fast at times it could not be counted. He consulted five different doctors, but received no help. One of our dear friends suggested that we call in a few friends and pray for him, which was done, and prayers were offered by all present. At the time my husband was not able to do any work to speak of. Since then, May 29, 1912, he has worked hard nearly every day.

Friendship, Me. MRS. JESSIE M. LASH.

A Daughter Healed

A few months ago I requested *prayers* for a sick daughter, in bed nine months with leakage of heart. She is getting well very fast now; is able to be around and do light work. MRS. OLIVE LATIMER.

De Kalb, Ill.

A Revival in Answer to Prayer

I want to acknowledge God's goodness in answering prayer for a revival in our church. It was a great success. Many were converted and many Christians were renewed in spirit, and I am very grateful to our dear heavenly Father for it.

I also asked prayers for a revival in our city which He has also answered. Dr. Stough and party will be with us for an eight weeks' meeting and we are expecting great things.

I want to thank all members of the League for their prayers. God bless them all.

Evansville, Ind. Believer in Prayer.

The Power of Believing Prayer

Several years ago I was dangerously sick and the doctor stayed with me all one day and had his assistant part of the day. He told my husband and relatives I would not live. My heart was very weak. My husband telegraphed to my sister-in-law, who is a very earnest Christian. In the telegram he said I was "very low. We fear the worst." She and my brother both prayed together; and she told me afterward, she felt assured I would get well. I regained consciousness soon after she prayed and I ultimately got well. The doctor told my husband only one out of a thousand could have been restored as I was.

This sister-in-law was also cured by prayer several times.

I am a strong believer of answered prayer. The Lord has helped me out of many difficulties.

Mrs. Jay E. Traver.

East Longmeadow, Mass.

A Niece Raised from a Bed of Sickness

Several weeks ago, my niece was confined in a hospital where she had been taken on a stretcher. After two weeks' treatment she was not improved but weaker and part of the time delirious. They gave us no encouragement, but stopped giving her medicine and advised bringing her home as they could do nothing more.

I requested the League's prayers for her, and the ninth day after I mailed my request to the League, she was able to return home without any inconvenience. She has improved from day to day since her return and is now able to walk through the house and getting along fine. She has not taken medicine of any kind for some time, and that is a clear and indisputable demonstration that our heavenly Father acknowledges and answers our petitions when we appeal to Him in the spirit of faith, confidence, love and truth.

I thank Him for this and the many, many other blessings received through His love and care.

Kittanning, Pa. F. M. Reynolds.

Prayers for Twenty Years Answered at Last

Sometimes it happens that prayers seem to go unanswered for several years—the waiting seeming to be trials of faith, and the weaker workers get discouraged and give up, for all are not Daniels and their faith breaks down easily. It remains for some tenacious, prayerful women to outdo them completely.

This remarkable case is one of them, true in all details.

Long after the Civil War, the sister of General

Grant decided that she would pray especially for the conversion of her brother. Daily she implored the Throne of Grace and kept it up persistently for *twenty long years!* Surely it was a very faithful spiritual work of that soul-winner, a worthy example.

One day my dear mother sat beside the general's sister in a pew of a New Jersey church (as she had often done before, for they were on friendly terms) when the sister of General Grant told mother about the letter she had just received from her brother containing the great good news that he felt that he was accepted of Him and that her prayers for his spiritual welfare had at last resulted in victory. Inexpressible joy overcame her after her long and faithful pleading.

These facts were announced to the congregation of the church at a prayer service.

General Sherman once told a Union officer that the greatest trait of character in General Grant was his persistency; and this was evidently a family trait, for the persistency of the sister in praying steadily for twenty years for the conversion of her brother proved this.

There are many other cases of seeming delay—but the Bible declares it shall be in His way and not ours. His golden promise "ask and it shall be given," has been answered to very many devout followers, and yet is delayed in some cases. The writer knows of one case that happened before his eyes, the one who received forgiveness having reached the age of seventy-five years before it came, and then the whole family rejoiced.

W. H. W.

Rochester, N. Y.

Prayed for Rain and It Came

The request sent to the Prayer League from Texas for prayer for rain has been answered. We praise God for it. May God richly bless the Prayer League members. Mrs. J. E. Selstad.

Kingsville, Tex.

Memories of Answered Prayers that Endure

"In looking back upon my own experience," writes Henry Drummond, "that part which stands out and I remember most vividly is the part which has some conscious association with Christ. All the rest is pale and thin, and lies like clouds upon the horizon."

This I too have verified in personal experience. The farthest back memory of all is one of a country home of fifty years ago. A true home, though lacking much we now deem essential. A memory of a father gathering his family about him, reading from God's book, and kneeling in earnest prayer that still another day God's blessing might rest upon the home. A memory of a mother who daily asked God for help to live a true, pure life thanking Him for the soul's sweet certitude: "I know in whom my soul believeth." And praying thus, and praising thus, one day her soul sent up to God the longing petition: "I pray Thee give me some little place where all unknown, unseen by eyes of men, I may *live* and work for Thee." And to me—her little girl—she often said: "I can never forget the Voice, tender and sweet, which whispered, 'Work in your home.'"

Many years ago when I was a young mother, I was

really striving earnestly to be to my husband a true helpmeet, and to my children a loving, sympathizing mother. There came a time when with very poor health—and with several little ones to care for—I was face to face with the realization that instead of these cares becoming less they must increase.

One evening I sat thinking of these things, until it seemed my heart would break; suddenly I felt an irresistible impulse to take it to Jesus, tell Him plainly my trouble, and ask for grace for that especial trial.

This I did, and while I was yet calling, came the answer distinct as whisper of earthly friend: "Only accept this as trial of your faith; ask for daily grace to bear it, and it shall prove a great blessing to you." I was so sure the answer was given me by the Holy Spirit that I wept for very joy, and daily asked this "cross" might work for good.

Since then, though I have more than once passed through the same trials they have had none of the old-time burden: I have never, no, not for one moment, felt the bitter rebellion I once felt. Yes, I am sure God does answer prayer. SUE R. T. BIRCH.

Halstead, Kan.

AN ANSWERED PRAYER OF FORTY YEARS AGO

If you could know what a wonderful experience I passed through, you would not wonder that I am interested in "Answered Prayers."

When traveling all around the U. S. with the G. A. R. and a quiet hush came over a crowded parlor I have told it in detail and every one would crowd to shake hands with me, and say, "All the sermons I ever heard never did me as much good as that."

After being so far gone from tuberculosis that I hadn't spoken a loud word for weeks, an expert specialist examined me, and said one lung was entirely gone, and all the doctors in the world couldn't keep me alive three weeks.

A few minutes afterward I received the assurance that my prayer was answered. I could speak, and in a week I was up, profoundly grateful in heart and able to cut clothes for my children.

That was forty years ago, and still at seventy-three years of age, I am all the time busy. I. H. N.

North Conway, N. H.

Saved a Sister's Life Through Prayer

A prayer was answered for me about ten years ago. I was awakened one night by my sister who was taken seriously ill. I breathed a prayer to Some One to help me and instantly a suggestion came. I was ignorant and as helpless as a child, but I did just what I was told to do. Within a few hours my sister was peacefully sleeping.

The next morning she asked me how I ever came to relieve her in the way I did, and I rather shamefacedly replied that I had prayed about it.

We both marveled at it. We lived in the country and a doctor couldn't have reached us for a few hours and no one was near to help us. I always have believed that God heard that prayer and saved her life.

New Haven, Conn. Sister.

An Octogenarian Restored to Health

Some time in July, I asked the prayers of the League for the restoration to health of an aunt whom

the doctors had given up, saying she would never get up again. She is over eighty years old.

Thanks to the prayers of the League, our dear Lord has raised her up and she is walking about the house. How grateful we are that our Lord has spared her.

Lynchburg, Va. J. N. P.

A Specific Answer to Prayer

I have had clear answers to prayer, but will give you this one as related to me by Dr. Walter (now Bishop) Lambuth.

He said: "Three missionaries were laboring together in a city in China. Their funds had given out, and the expected check did not come from the homeland. They were considerably troubled, when one proposed borrowing a small sum from some German merchants of the city.

"'No,' said the others, 'they have shown displeasure at our being here. They would only refuse.'

"Finally, they agreed to pray for help, and falling on their knees, each one, in succession, prayed earnestly. Scarcely had they concluded their petitions, when a knock was heard at the door. There stood a Chinaman with a large fish, a gift, to show his gratitude for favors shown. He retired, and another loud knock was heard. A second Chinaman was there, with a large piece of beef. Another token of gratitude. He bowed himself off. A third knock. A servant, with a letter and a check for a goodly sum from the German merchants. The letter expressed the admiration of these friends for their good work, and said it had occurred to them to send a tangible proof of their admiration and interest in said work."

How could any one doubt that these were answers to prayer? Three prayers, three answers, like St. Peter's three visitors, after three descents of the sheet, full of unclean animals. MRS. A. P. NORWOOD.

Tampa, Fla.

A THREEFOLD ANSWER TO PRAYER

Mrs. M. lived next door to the Baptist Church in L. She often came to the services. She claimed to be a Universalist. When an invitation was given for the Christians to rise, she always stood up. The next day when the pastor of the church called and talked with her on the subject of religion, he found that she did not know anything about a change of heart and was unconverted.

One day she asked Pastor S. to call upon a lady friend in B., an outlying district of L., and pray with Mrs. S., who had been an invalid confined to her bed for many years. The pastor called upon her and conversed on the subject of religion with difficulty owing to her loss of hearing. On leaving, he asked if he should pray for her recovery. She replied that she should be glad to have prayer offered, but could not hear. The pastor suggested that if she would place the ear trumpet in her ear he would pray so that his voice would enter the trumpet. This was done, and bidding her to look to God for the answer to the prayer, he returned to his home.

A few days after this Mr. M., husband of Mrs. M., while on his way to work, slipped on the icy sidewalk and broke his hip. He was taken to his home and medical aid summoned. The pastor called on him and

read God's Word and prayed for his conversion. After a few visits, he accepted Christ as Saviour. He did not survive the shock to his system, and died shortly after, the funeral being attended by the pastor. Mrs. M. said, "Your doctrine saved my husband." The pastor replied, "Christ will save all who put their trust in Him."

The pastor resigned and went to another field. He took his vacation, a Sunday being spent with the church in L. At the close of the morning service, a daughter-in-law of Mrs. M. came to the church announcing that Mrs. M. had met with an accident like that which happened to her husband, and desired him to come to her bedside. He went in the afternoon, accompanied by his wife, and urged Mrs. M. to accept Christ. She too found peace in believing, and made request that when she died he would attend the funeral. He went home from vacation in October. In December he received a telegram that Mrs. M. had died, with the request that he officiate at her funeral, which he did. As the body was being taken from her home, a well-dressed and healthy appearing lady stepped up to the minister and spoke to him. He did not know who she was. She said, "I am Mrs. S. whom you prayed for, and God has raised me up."

Mr. M., Mrs. M., and Mrs. S., for whom prayers were asked, were all converted, thus making a threefold answer to prayer.

Rev. Thomas S. Sayer.

New Bedford, Mass.

A Daughter's Prayer that Was Answered

When our dear mother died, our father, who was a deacon for a number of years in the Baptist Church, was so overcome with grief that he became prostrated and his mind on the day of the funeral became a complete blank for several hours, and he, of course, could not attend the funeral. On the way to the cemetery, my sister Allie, who was a devoted Christian, prayed earnestly that our father might be restored to his right mind and to his wonted health. She requested the pastor, Dr. Graham, editor of the *Christian Index,* also to pray for father. On our return from the cemetery, we were met at the door by our physician who, with some of the family, had remained with my father. The doctor remarked sorrowfully that our father "was about the same," but the moment my sister stepped in our father's room his mind returned and remained bright and normal until the day of his death. He died in his eighty-third year. Lewis A. Lee.

Conyers, Ga.

A Little Girl's Prayer and the Answer that Came

Some years ago, while I was living some miles away, the town of Parksley, in Accomac County, Va., was burning down. That is, the business section, building after building, was being consumed. They occupied mainly one long street, and the fire beginning at the south end of the line, with the wind blowing a gale from the south, one building set fire to the next, until nearly the last had been reached and destroyed. The owner of this almost, if not quite the last building was Mr.

Parks. He conducted a large hardware business, and above the store, in comfortable rooms, he lived with his family.

His little daughter spent the night of the fire away from Parksley with a child friend. They rushed her to her home when it was learned that the big blaze they could see was a fire in Parksley. When she reached the store and home, the building next door to her father's was a mass of flames and almost ready to fall, and had almost scorched to the blazing point the heated paint and weather-boarding of her father's house. In fact, it had been on fire several times, but the small beginnings had been put out. It was only a question of a few moments when it would be wrapped in uncontrollable flames. Just then, the little girl, reaching home, rushed in and asked her father if he had asked God to save their home. He was a Christian and doubtless had prayed; but he had not stopped rescue work in order to pray. But she insisted that they stop, and there, kneeling, *she* led a prayer (very short it was, but earnest) that God would arrest the flames and save their home and her father's stock of goods.

Almost instantly the gale from the south abated. The next instant, from the north—the opposite direction—the wind commenced to blow and with such an increase of power, as to bend back the flames away from the building, and to hold them back until they died down and left only smoldering embers and gray ashes, with all danger past and the lone store standing a monument to the assured faith of a little child.

Blackstone, Va. J. R. Sturgis.

A Son's Recovery Due to Prayer

I am a firm believer in prayer, and as I look over my past life (I am now quite aged), I find many instances of answered prayer, which, though they might not interest others as they do me, are proof that God hears and answers prayer.

Among these instances I would mention help in time of need, protection in time of danger, and recovery from sickness.

An incident in regard to the latter may be of interest to some and strengthen their faith in prayer.

My son met with a severe accident while chopping in the woods, one cold winter day, which nearly cost him the loss of a foot, and perhaps his life. He was in bed many months, and all our income was cut off while expenses were going on.

He had a skilful and faithful surgeon and a kind pastor, who visited us often, offering fervent prayer for his recovery and bringing help financially from the church and Christian Endeavor, to which he belonged. We also received help from friends and neighbors.

My oldest son was attending the Moody Bible Institute at Chicago, and special prayer was offered at a service there for the son who was sick. Who shall say that his life was not spared in answer to the many prayers offered far and near for his recovery?

Surely God blessed the means used in answer to prayer.

If when praying we believe,
We an answer shall receive.
We can trust God's loving care,
Knowing He will answer prayer.

Wilton, N. H. Mrs. A. R. Perham.

Financial and Legal Aid Through Prayer

Some time ago, we were having financial trouble, and another time we had a very trying case in court, brought on us suddenly. We laid both cases before the Lord, and He heard and answered us. Praise the Lord for His goodness, for His promises are true!

Hillsboro, Ia. Mrs. G. E. Adkisson.

Saved from a Swindle Through Prayer

I wish to acknowledge a definite answer to prayer. Some dishonest men were trying to cheat me out of $300. I asked the League to pray that they might not succeed and, thanks to His holy name, I just got notice that they had paid in to the bank. I also asked that my wife might be healed of a disease from which she was suffering untold agony, and I believe that prayer will be answered soon, as He has answered hundreds of my prayers. Louis de Lancett.

Waycross, Ga.

Hay Fever Conquered Through Prayer

I write to tell you what God has done for me in answer to prayer. Some time ago I wrote to the League asking prayers that I might not have hay fever and asthma so severely this fall as to be unable to attend to my Sabbath school, and other Christian work, in which I was especially interested. For the last fifteen years I have been so afflicted for seven or eight weeks, during August, September, and October, every autumn, as to be unable to go far from home, and often confined

to the house the greater part of the season. But this season, in answer to prayer, I thank God I have not lost a day and hardly realized it was hay fever.

Russellville, Pa. W. H. Gordon.

Prayed Before the Operation

Last May, I wrote to the Prayer League, asking prayers for a dear nephew, who was going under an operation. I thank God it was a success.

Ocean Grove, N. J. L. K. W.

Her Sister Found Employment

I wrote to the Prayer League asking prayers that my sister might find employment in a Christian home. I received a letter recently from her, saying she is doing very well, for which I am truly grateful. E. S.

Fall River, Mass.

A Life Spared in Answer to Prayer

I was once given up to die by my mother and physician, and God spared me in answer to prayer.

Norfolk, Va. Mrs. Adaline Wallace.

Recovery from Sickness

About ten months ago I wrote asking prayer for my daughter, who had a nervous breakdown and mental trouble. Thank God, He has answered prayer. She is much better. Mrs. Theo. Morrison.

Jefferson, Ia.

Health Restored Through Prayer

I feel that the Lord has answered my prayer, made some time ago, when I was a very sick woman and not expected to live. I then promised the good Lord that if He would restore my health I would give Him all the praise and acknowledge it to the world. I can now walk about and feel He has answered my prayer. Blessed be His holy name! J. C. R.

Knoxville, Tenn.

An Invalid's Prayers Answered

I want to acknowledge answered prayer. I am an invalid, have been in bad health for some time, and mother and I prayed that I might grow stronger, and God heard and answered our prayers, although I am not so well now. God has answered a number of my prayers and I am very thankful.

Booneville, Miss. Fannie McClamroch.

Her Prayers Answered Many Times

I have had many trials during the past ten months, but I thank God for His precious promises, and that we can claim them as ours. I am a strong believer in prayer, and am so thankful that God not only hears but also answers prayer. He has answered my prayers *many, many* times.

A year and a half ago I was laid up with bronchial trouble. Nobody thought I would ever rise from my bed of sickness again. After I was on a fair way to recovery, the attending physician claimed that I would

never be able to work again. But I gratefully acknowledge that I took my case before the great Physician who is the healer of all diseases, and He healed my body to such an extent that I have worked hard every day for over a year. I give God all the praise and all the glory. I. L. R.

Penna.

Prayer Saved Her Home

Some time ago, I wrote to the Prayer League and asked them to pray that I might not have to break up my home. God answered and I thank Him for it with my heart. Praying One.

Culpeper, Va.

Waiting Upon God in Prayer

I wish to acknowledge God's goodness. I wrote a request several months ago to the Prayer League, and it has been granted. A Friend.

The Soul-Winning Power of Prayer

I was a student in a theological seminary. One of the professors had assigned themes for discussion, one to each member of the class. Having made a point of always preparing such work some time ahead, I prepared my theme at least a week before required. The night previous to the date for presentation I could not find the paper, and naturally was rather disconcerted. Search in every place that seemed a likely one brought only disappointment, and I sat down, wondering

whether I was booked for the composition of the theme from memory.

As I thought over the matter, my mind became gradually calmer, and it occurred to me to pray, as I always do in time of need. After a few minutes of meditation, an inner voice seemed to say, " Look in the textbook." There I found the missing paper, safe and sound. One may say that there was the natural place. Yes, and that was why I had put the paper there; but none the less I had forgotten, because my customary place for prepared material was in a given drawer, and I had made an exception in this instance as a special precaution.

Here is another of a different kind: A lady of the congregation was taken with pneumonia and carried to the local hospital. She and five daughters were church members, but not the husband. On the morning of the second day I called at the house, where I found one of the daughters alone. After some conversation, I was about to leave, when I proposed that at five o'clock that afternoon the family hold a prayer service at home, while I with my family co-operate at our end of the line. This was done. Meanwhile, as I was leaving the home, the father appeared and greeted me. He and I had a few words together, when—in answer to another intuition—I urged the man to vow that, in case his wife recovered, he would make a confession of faith. This he promised.

The following morning I went by invitation to the house and held a second prayer service. That night the crisis was passed, and the mother recovered. The father kept his vow, and the family found a new joy in the experience of a united Christian hope. Some-

what more than a year after his confession, the father died, and the sorrow of the family was brightened by the memory of the above fact.

North Conway, N. H. WILLIAM J. SEELYE.

HEALTH RESTORED THROUGH PRAYER

I asked prayers for my husband, myself and son, some time ago. We thought that my husband was going to die, but he began to get better, has gained about twenty pounds and works every day. We all are better, praise the Lord for it. MRS. B. BOWEN.

Dickinson Center, N. Y.

WORK SECURED IN ANSWER TO PRAYER

My son had been working in a mine and it did not agree with him. He has valvular heart trouble. I prayed earnestly that God would help him to get work outside of the mine; work that he would be able to do, for he is not able to work hard, and God has answered my prayer. L. OWENS.

Walsenburg, Colo.

SERVICES HELD IN ANSWER TO PRAYER

Five years ago, when I came to Lakeport to live, there was no religious service at all. The second summer, we started a little Sunday school of about fifteen or eighteen.

There were four *live* Christians in the neighborhood. We held services together until the cold and snow prevented. As time went on pastors came up

from the city and our numbers increased until we now have an average of about thirty, most of them belonging to the Sunday school.

There were a number that we felt wanted to come into Christ's Kingdom, and this spring we had a meeting. We decided to give up and then we decided to pray until the next Sunday. We prayed unitedly, and also held a week of special meetings and the Lord's day following there was a baptism at our beautiful lake side. There were seven boys and girls, all in their teens, baptized. It was the most impressive and beautiful service I ever witnessed. All in direct answer to prayer.

Mrs. Mary E. Reed.

Lakeport, N. H.

Health Improved Through Prayer

I asked prayers for my husband who was out of work and sick, and who fully expected to undergo an operation. Since then he has secured work and is better physically. I want to express our great thankfulness for answered prayers.

Benton Harbor, Mich. Martha E. Curtis.

An Evangelist's Experience with Answered Prayers

I have asked for things, and a wise heavenly Father has answered my prayers.

While synodical evangelist, twenty-odd years ago, I caught cold and became suddenly hoarse. This continued for a year and a half, making singing impos-

sible and preaching very difficult. Two of us asked God for a good throat and while speaking, in less than an hour from that prayer, the voice cleared and rang out as it used to do. Praise His name. Since then I have preached and sung through many hundreds of services.

Ten years ago, the oculist discovered cataracts in both eyes. This spring (1916) the time came for the operation, but there was no money. It was made a subject of prayer. When the time came for the operation, money was sent from friends at a distance who knew I was going to the hospital. I received two answers to prayers in one, money and sight. God is good.

I was in debt and prayed for relief. The answer was delayed. But lately and unexpectedly came a call to work.

GEORGE F. ROBERTSON.

Marion, Ala.

SON'S RECOVERY IN ANSWER TO PRAYER

Our minister's son was extremely ill for weeks, all the doctors gave him up to die. His parents requested the prayers of the church for his recovery. He began to improve and got well, and I have always felt that this was a specific answer to prayer.

Monroe, N. C. MRS. L. C. WALSH.

DAUGHTER'S LIFE SPARED IN ANSWER TO PRAYER

My only little girl was very ill. The doctors said she couldn't live, but God spared her to me in answer to prayer.

MRS. JAS. MAXWELL.

East Spartanburg, S. C.

Friend's Recovery Due to Prayers

A man of middle age was seriously injured and his life was given up by his physician. Prayer was offered specially for his recovery, by members of the same church, and he was restored. Some months afterward he was stricken with heart disease and was very low. His physician said nothing could save him unless it was prayer. Special prayers were offered; to-day he is living and at work.

A little child ill with pneumonia was given up by the physician. Special prayers were offered in her behalf, and almost immediately there was a change. The child is living to-day. Margaret A. Canfield.

Pittsfield, Mass.

Health Restored in Answer to Prayer

Some time ago I asked prayers for my husband's and my own restoration to health. I wish to express my gratitude, as we both notice an improvement, though very slight. Mrs. G. W. Schwilk.

Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

Prayer Brought Blessing to a Church

Last August prayer was asked for blessing on a meeting in the Methodist Church. Great blessing came, for which we thank, first the Lord, and then His people who prayed. David Leith,

Newbern, Tenn. *Pastor.*

Pastor's Experiences with Answered Prayer

I want to thank God for answered prayer in regard to the drouth being broken, and that the church at this place was enabled to meet its obligations. Our little babe has been in better health, and our home has been wonderfully blessed, so we desire to express our gratitude to our gracious Father for these many good things at His hand. J. K. B.

Sinton, Tex.

Uncle's Health Restored in Answer to Prayer

When my uncle was seventeen years old, he was very ill with typhoid fever; pulse one hundred and five. The doctor prepared for a long run of the fever and gave directions accordingly. That night my mother prayed earnestly for his recovery, that the fever might be broken, and that he might be spared the long siege the doctor had considered inevitable. My uncle was delirious until after one o'clock, when he became quiet. In the morning the doctor was amazed at the change. From that time the recovery was rapid and the fever never returned. A. Lyon.

Danbury, Conn.

Daughter's Recovery Due to Prayer

God has wonderfully answered our prayers for our little girl, who was threatened with serious organic trouble. He has healed her entirely.

Also He answered our prayers in regard to a Christian girl who is a Student Volunteer, but who insisted upon dancing and playing cards. He showed her it was wrong and she has given them up.

Victorville, Calif. A Praying Mother.

Prayer Saves from Injustice

We were wonderfully helped and delivered from an unjust person, in direct answer to prayer. I thank the Lord for His goodness to us in our time of need.

Toledo, Ohio. Mrs. H. B. Eley.

One Sunday School's Faith in Prayer

When Mr. Quimby and myself were both ill at the same time, prayer was made by the Sunday school for our recovery. We were teachers in the Sunday school.

A class of boys, some time afterward, was asked if they knew of prayer being answered. They said: "Yes," and cited our case. Not long afterward, another member of the same church and his wife were both ill with pneumonia. We were that day in Sunday school and the school was requested to remain for prayer for these sick friends. They recovered. They were all quite on in years, had been ill with pneumonia several times. God is very true to those who put their trust in Him. "Such shall never be confounded"—living or dying.

Post Mills, Vt. Mrs. L. F. Quimby.

CHAPTER XI

HOW TO ORGANIZE A LOCAL PRAYER LEAGUE

There can be nothing clearer than that the establishment of a Prayer League, of the dimensions of that one now doing such a blessed work among the readers of the *Christian Herald,* not only strengthens the faith of its individual members to a wonderful degree, but is a new and blessed influence in the upbuilding of the Kingdom of God among men.

You have only to turn back to the pages of this book on which are recorded distinct cases of revivals of religion in churches and communities in answer to prayer, to understand how far-reaching may be the effects of such prayers.

There is probably not an evangelical church in the whole of Christendom that does not possess some faithful believer who prays regularly for the spiritual welfare of his beloved Zion. Christ distinctly provided for the strengthening of the individual's faith by giving an emphatic and inspiring promise to united prayer, "Again I say unto you, that if two of you agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in heaven. For where two or three are gathered in My name, there am I in the midst of them" (Matthew 18: 19, 20).

My own faith and liberty in prayer are always strikingly augmented when at the noonday hour I pray, and

remember that some twelve thousand people are thinking the same thoughts, are imbued with the same spirit, and are uttering the same prayers as my own. Then there is the still greater comfort and inspiration coming from the fact that this great company of believers is praying for me.

Every reader of these lines may be positively sure of the fact that he is doing a real, tangible piece of work in building the wall of the City of God, when he, in addition to offering his own individual prayers, seeks the company of some other believer, and the "two agree on earth as touching anything they shall ask."

First, there must be agreement; secondly, the "gathering together" must be "in the name of Christ"; and, thirdly, a sure answer must be expected. "It shall be done for them of My Father."

It is not possible to compute or imagine the vast effect that would be produced in the bringing in of the Kingdom of God were Christian believers to fully avail themselves of this high privilege.

The organization of such a "gathering together" must be of the simplest kind. It must be burdened by no unnecessary machinery or form. It must be "in the spirit, and in the truth."

My practical suggestion to my readers is that they at once take steps to form a *Local Prayer League*, in their church, Sunday school, mission or Young People's Society, and immediately affiliate it with the parent League, the Christian Herald Prayer League, Bible House, New York City. Probably the best course to pursue would be something like the following:

1. Make the subject a matter of earnest prayer, asking for guidance.

2. Speak to the Pastor of the church, or the Superintendent of the Sunday school, or the Leader of the Young People's Society, or the Superintendent of the Mission, and ask his co-operation in calling a meeting of those likely to be interested in the matter.

3. If these officials are in any sense indifferent or half hearted about it, do not hesitate a moment in going to others who *are* deeply interested in the Kingdom of God.

4. Select your coadjutors on no other ground than that of their belief in the power of prayer.

5. If no other place can be secured, have the meeting in your own home.

6. Do not wait until you secure a number of people; start as soon as you have secured one other person. "If *two* of you shall agree."

7. Do not commit yourself to any more of an organization than is necessary to,—

a. The keeping of a record of names and addresses.

b. The forwarding of these names to the parent League, the Christian Herald Prayer League, Bible House, New York City.

c. The receiving of requests for prayer, and sending them to the *Christian Herald* office weekly.

d. The receiving and sending to the *Christian Herald* notices of answered prayer.

e. The meeting of the members of the Local League at regular stated periods, once a week, or

once a month, or as often as may be found advisable.

8. Do not make any charge whatever for membership.

9. Any small expense that may be incurred for such matters as postage can be periodically made a subject of prayer, and "the Lord will provide."

10. The simple obligation involved in membership of the League is the promise to pray at noon each day for the members of the League, and for any particular need those members may have expressed by a written request to the local or the parent League.

In all your personal prayers, and in the prayers that may be offered in meetings in your Local Prayer League, be sure to keep very prominently before you St. Paul's injunction, "Let your requests be made known, *with thanksgiving.*" The element of gratitude is too often missing in our prayers. There is little doubt but that our lives would be infinitely fuller of blessings, if we were more thankful for the blessings we have already received. I know poor men who have very little of this world's goods or comforts, but who are happy, because they are always so full of praise. Never forget when you make a request of God, to thank Him for what He has already done.

In your Prayer League meetings you will find many cases in which you can answer your own prayers. As an illustration of this, let me tell you a story of Mr. Spurgeon, which I do not remember to have seen in print, but which was told to Dr. Sandison, the editor of

the *Christian Herald,* by one who knew the great preacher very intimately.

Mr. Spurgeon was such an intense believer in prayer that he gathered around him an inner circle of praying people, the very choicest members of his flock, men and women whom he regarded as being as full of faith and of the spirit of prayer as he was himself. He met them regularly once a week, and quite apart from the open meeting of the church. When they were assembled he would rise to his feet, and, pointing to a large pile of letters which had come in requesting the prayers of the church, he would say something like this, "My friends, before opening these letters let us ask the Heavenly Father for wisdom in dealing with them." After prayer it was his habit to divide up the letters among those nearest him, for the purpose of saving time in opening them. As he proceeded with the opening of his own batch of letters, and as he came to some particular request, he would quaintly say, "We do not need to trouble the Lord about that. We can answer that ourselves." That letter would be placed on the center of the vestry table. Other members of the group would come across similar letters and adopt the same course. By the time the opening of the mail was complete there would be quite a number of requests on the table which they did not feel they ought to "trouble the Lord about," as they could provide an answer themselves. It was Mr. Spurgeon's firm belief that a great many things that ordinary Christians were in the habit of praying to the Lord about were such as they could very well do themselves. You will no doubt find this to be the case in connection with your Prayer League

work, and probably a new and remarkably interesting field of work may be opened out.

Do you not see, dear reader, what all this will mean?

You will at once become a part of a vast system which will be generating a power that nothing that is evil can resist, you will be part of the great gulf stream of love, bringing warmth and fruitfulness to every shore line of human misery and need; you will be in daily fellowship with the purest, choicest, and most Christ-like souls in the Church of Christ, and you will have the priceless gratification of knowing that your prayers are gloriously efficacious in making the world a better and happier place to live in.

"For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

CHAPTER XII

CONCLUSION

In this little book I have dealt with Answered Prayers; definite things asked for and received.

I do not forget, however, the multitudes of earnest believers who are vastly troubled because their requests for definite blessings have not been complied with.

It is well, therefore, to remember that prayer is something infinitely greater and more blessed than simply getting our immediate wants supplied, or our desires gratified.

We never really pray unless we pray as Christ prayed. And when we pray as Christ prayed we come to God, not primarily to ask for things, but to ask for Himself, His life, His will, His power, His peace. When this is accomplished the mere getting of things assumes at once a very secondary relation.

The more closely we study the subject of prayer the deeper becomes the conviction that we are living and moving in a universe in which a moral order prevails, as real and abiding as the physical order with which we are now so familiar. As long as God lives and rules He will never permit this moral order to be contravened. Prayers which are in any sense out of harmony with God's moral laws will never be answered.

"If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear." This is clear enough, and rules out at once

myriads of prayers that come from lips and hearts tainted by actual and flagrant sin.

But what about other unanswered prayers that come from clean, white, pure, earnest, believing people? What about the prayer of the Master Himself: "If it be possible let this cup pass from Me"? It was unanswered. He had to take it, and drain it to the very dregs.

He is His own expositor. Listen. "The cup which My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?" Behind the shuddering hesitation of His human personality there was a sublime reverence for His Father's will, a deep consciousness of the untold blessings that would accrue to the human race by His drinking of the cup; and a radiant vision of "the glory that should follow," and He was willing to have His petition denied.

Now let us look at one of the ten thousand requests that are sent in to our prayer circles. It is that of a mother who prays for the recovery of her child from an apparently fatal illness. Surely this is a perfectly natural, and an altogether righteous, petition. And yet, were the prayer analyzed by an infallible analyst, it would be found to contain a large element of selfishness. If the prayer were answered who would benefit? Not the child, for, knowing what we do of the sins and sorrows of this mortal existence on the one hand, and of the glories of the immortal life on the other, we are sure that it would be infinitely better for the child to go. The mother would, doubtless, if the prayer had been answered, have experienced the intense gratification of possessing her beloved child's companionship for a few short years,

but it would have been at the expense of the child. And so, because this prayer is out of harmony with God's moral law of unselfishness, it is denied. When the whole occurrence is finally reviewed the mother will rejoice with joy unspeakable over this unanswered prayer.

I would treat with the greatest possible tenderness those dear Christian people who send in requests to prayer circles, and, because of the apparent denial of their pleas, have become doubt-stricken, and full of panic.

In these closing words I repeat, with firmer emphasis than ever, the Master's words: "Every one that asketh receiveth," but the asking must be done in Christ's way. That is partly what is meant by asking "in His name," asking as He asked, in submission to His Father's will, and in full consonance to the laws of God's spiritual universe. When, therefore, a prayer appears to be unanswered the explanation is to be found in the statement of St. James: "Ye ask and ye receive not, because ye ask amiss."

Lessons of unspeakable force and grandeur are to be learned from unanswered prayer, but that part of the subject does not come within the scope of this little book. Suffice it to say that whenever prayers for definite blessings are denied, and, in the denial, the believing soul is led into a deeper realization of the presence of God the Father, a more reverential submission to His will, and a more vital consciousness of the fact that he is a part of God's great plans and purposes, he will say with the Great Prayer Teacher: "The cup which My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?"

AUTHOR'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I desire to acknowledge the help and inspiration I have derived from the following books:

With Christ in the School of Prayer, by Rev. Andrew Murray.

The Meaning of Prayer, by Professor H. E. Fosdick.

How to Pray, by Rev. R. A. Torrey, D.D.

The Practice of Prayer, by Rev. Campbell Morgan.

Getting Things from God, by Rev. Charles A. Blanchard, D.D.

Preacher and Prayer, by Rev. E. M. Bounds.

Wireless Messages, by Rev. C. N. Broadhurst.

Touching Incidents and Remarkable Answers to Prayer, by L. B. Shaw.

The Speaking Oak, by Rev. F. C. Iglehart, D.D.

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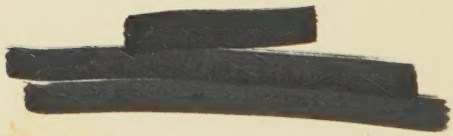

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